

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

## NEWSPAPER

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THE ERIE STRIKE AT SUSQUEHANNA, PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE AT THE DEPOT.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 90.

Unto ye peacemakers  
Ride Grim Death and ye Devil;



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

We this week present No. 1 of Matt Morgan's series of "THE MODERN DANCE OF DEATH; A Sermon in Six Cartoons." It represents Death and the Devil riding into a peaceful city, laden with rum, to spread ruin and desolation. The story need not be told in types when it is so strong from the pencil.

PARTIES—REPUBLICANISM.

THE election of General Grant to the Presidency in 1868, after a bloody and expensive war, was the natural result of nearly eighty years of political contest. It was a civil celebration of the victory of one great political idea over another, both of them as old as the nation. It was perhaps fitting and just that Federalism, which was inaugurated by one soldier—Washington—should find the type of its consummation in another soldier—Grant.

At Appomattox, Alexander Hamilton's principles were vindicated by force of arms. There, in the name of Union, after a political no less than a military war, men felt that there had come a physical defeat of anti-Federalism, of States Rights, of Henry, Hayne, Calhoun, Randolph and Stephens; and that the power of the Government to establish a national system of banking, and to regulate internal as well as foreign commerce, was determined.

That there had originally been opposition to the establishment of any Union, or strong government, at all, was known to those students of political history who read that in 1788 Virginia had adopted the Constitution by a vote of only 88 to 80, and New York by a vote of only 31 to 29. It was a small but important triumph of Federalism, and from that time until 1800, under the administrations of Washington and Adams, the Federal Party maintained a precarious power. Even then Washington's popularity alone preserved the integrity of the Union and the supremacy of the Federal Party, just as in after-days the Whig Party, its successor, was twice triumphant mainly through the popularity of Harrison and Taylor. And as in 1868 those statesmen who had upheld the war for the Union represented the Republican Party, so in 1789-1800, the champions of the Revolution were members of the Federal administration. Then, under the influence of the French Revolution and of hatred to an English form of government, rose the Democratic—then called Republican—Party, which was formed among the masses, and which was led by Jefferson and Burr. This party was inevitably successful, electing its Congress and its President; and from 1800 until 1825 it ruled the land. Federalism, the party of commerce, of money, of New England ideas, of conservative intelligence, and of newspapers, was politically dead. John Quincy Adams revived it, under the name of the Whig Party, but with Adams, Clay and Harrison on its tickets it continually failed. It had Clay for its greatest orator, and Webster for its profoundest statesman; but it seemed then, as it seems now, that the destiny of the party of highest learning is that it shall remain in progressive minority.

The last years of Jackson's administration were characterized by just such a plethora of currency and a wildness of speculation as were known during Grant's first term, and when Van Buren took the Democratic Presidency by a diminishing vote, the country was suffering from the financial panic of 1837. Then, at a time which saw the early struggles of Seward and Greeley, the Whig Party rose in the might of popular indignation and enthusiasm from a condition of minority, and gave the Presidency to General Harrison. After the death of Harrison, Vice-President Tyler, by going over to the Democrats, blocked the machinery of the Whig Party. Although Clay in 1844 received a popular majority, the electoral college of the States gave the Presidency to Polk.

The election of General Taylor in 1848 did not indicate Whig strength, but Taylor's available popularity. In 1852 the Anti-Slavery Party divided the North with the Whigs, and the Democrats marched into legitimate power. Federalism—Whigism—principles of paternal government remained; but there was no chance for victory. The Republican Party, a minority with ideas and sturdy enthusiasms, was rising in the West. It was not then Federal in its ambition, although it was des-

tinued to gather under its banner the remnants of the Whig Party. It could not win. Even in 1860 Lincoln did not receive a majority of the popular vote; but only a majority of the votes of the electoral college, because the southern section of the Democratic Party was false to Douglas. The Republican Party went into power determined to be politic. It was committed to the purpose of preventing the extension of slavery; but in its methods it was disposed to lean towards Fillmoreism rather than towards Garrisonism. It was by no means hot-headed or aggressive. Even when the South persisted in turning the platform of Breckinridge into a platform of Secession, and the timid ears of the Whig Seward were startled by the outburst of war, the policy of the Republican administration was to temporize. But the firm genius of the Dantonian Stanton, aided by the keen cynicism of Thad. Stevens and the persistency of radical journalists, made the Government strong. Suddenly it assumed the habit and proportions of Federalism.

In 1869, when Grant took the place of Washington, the Republican Party knew no purpose and no power of which it could say it was not master. It had defeated everything the Democratic Party had ever done or ever proposed. It had a banking and treasury system more powerful than any which Hamilton would have dared to contemplate, or which Jackson would have ascribed to the unstinted dreams of Nicholas Biddle. It had physical possession of the entire South, and political possession of the entire North. It had practical politicians, eloquent orators, great financiers, magnificent journalists. The Republican Party was the United States of America. It gave its possessions into the political keeping of its successful soldier; and he took them.

The Republican Party might have improved on the policy of the war, and have busied itself with great questions of national progress, or it might have studied the policy of its predecessors as the radical Jefferson and Madison did. It did nothing but compensate its party-workers and become Butlerized. For lack of ability to control abundant success it has failed in its banking and currency policy, and finds itself the possessor of a North and a South over which there is rolling a more devastating panic than that which ruined the suave Van Buren. Where we once had a Hamilton, a Dallas, a Walker and a Chase, we have a Richardson, who confesses that he knows nothing of his office. In the office once honored by Jefferson, Marshall, Livingston, Clay, Everett and Webster, sits that chronic nobody, Hamilton Fish, whose greatest achievement is that he has made Butcher Burriel a Field Marshal of Spain. For the legal wisdom and eloquence of Edmund Randolph, of Wirt, of Crittenden, of Cushing and of Johnson, we are compelled to accept the petty inanity of a Williams, who has never achieved anything. In the year 1876, Fish, Richardson and Williams will be defeated, and Federalism be reduced to a minority. It seems a pity that the party which in 1868 had so much should now be able to show nothing.

DON CARLOS.

THE Carlist conspiracy, which has existed chronically in Spain ever since 1833, originated in the change of succession by which the Salic law was set aside in order that Isabella II. might assume the throne left vacant by the death of Ferdinand VII. The original Don Carlos, who was the brother of the dead King Ferdinand, was, according to law and precedent, the real heir to the throne. The influence of Christina, the intriguing consort of Ferdinand and the mother of Isabella, was, however, sufficient to induce her husband to issue a decree setting aside the law which forbade a woman to sit on the throne of Spain. On the death of the King, Don Carlos at once appealed to arms, and, although after a struggle of six years the armies of the Regent Christina, under the skillful leadership of Espartero, crushed the insurrection, it has been steadily renewed, whenever an opportunity offered, by the partisans of the Carlist cause.

With the dethronement of Isabella, the Carlist insurrection, as was inevitable, broke out afresh, and has ever since maintained a varying activity. Neither the provisional government of Prim, the monarchy of Amadeo, nor the numerous Republican administrations which succeeded the Savoyard King, have been able to suppress it. Of late it has gained many and marked successes. Almost the entire northern part of Spain, and part of the eastern region bordering on the Pyrenees, are in the hands of the Carlists. Not many weeks since the young prince who is now the representative of Carlism, and the fourth Don Carlos who has claimed the Spanish throne, laid siege, at the head of a numerous army, to the ancient city of Bilbao, and announced that in the event of its capture he would cause himself to be crowned King of Spain, and would march upon Madrid. The danger to the Republic was so great that Serrano himself assumed command of every available regiment and marched to the relief of Bilbao. As yet he has not succeeded in raising the siege; and, although the news received from either of the contending parties must be taken with many

grains of allowance, the weight of evidence goes to show that Serrano has met with a severe repulse in his attack upon the Carlist lines, even if he has not been totally defeated. The interest which now centres around Bilbao is greater than any recent political event in Spain has aroused, for, should Don Carlos definitely overthrow Serrano's army, there will be nothing left to oppose his march to Madrid, and his assumption of the crown for which the Carlists have struggled for so many years.

The sympathies of all liberal men are with the Republic, and against Don Carlos. However plain it may be that the Republic is merely a name, and that the real Government of Spain is the irresponsible dictatorship of a successful general who rules in the name of the Commonwealth, precisely as Narvaez or O'Donnell or Bravo ruled in the name of Isabella, it is taken for granted that Don Carlos represents an absolutism that is far worse than even the stupid tyranny of the late Queen. But, after all, facts hardly justify this conclusion; and it is quite possible that Don Carlos may be, all things considered, the best ruler whom Spain can accept.

It needs very little reflection to show that he cannot be a worse ruler than was Queen Isabella. He is young, brave and intelligent; while she was dull, and dissolute. He is currently thought to be a bigoted tool of the priesthood; but he cannot be more grossly superstitious than was the woman who atoned for the open immorality of her life by yielding blind obedience to the nun Patrocinio. He is, of course, the representative of the old theory of the divine right of kings; but Isabella believed with equal sincerity that she was the divinely appointed ruler of Spain. Let us grant that when Don Carlos becomes King Charles VII. he will rule with the narrow severity of a conscientious tyrant. At least such a rule will be no worse in point of tyranny than was that of the successive military adventurers who ruled in Isabella's name, while it will possess the very great advantage of having a definite and coherent policy. The whole question is merely the choice between the tyranny of a dull and weak female bigot, or that of an intelligent and strong-willed male bigot. It is certainly hardly possible to suppose that Spain can be in any worse condition under the gallant young soldier who is now fighting for a crown than she was under the miserable woman who for so many years was the puppet of ambitious soldiers of fortune.

And we should remember, too, that Carlism has not been exempt from the influences of the age. There was a time when Christina represented something that might have been called free government, in comparison with the rule of the Inquisition, of which Don Carlos, a gloomy and ignorant fanatic, was the champion. But the present Don Carlos is an educated gentleman; a man who has shown during the present struggle that he is both brave and humane. It is possible that as a king he would compare very favorably with his brother monarchs of the Catholic faith, and that he would give to the Spaniards quite as much freedom as they are capable of using to their own advantage.

For it is impossible to deny that the incapacity of the Spaniards to govern themselves has been signally demonstrated. Even the constitutional monarchy of Amadeo was far in advance of the people who rejected it. Unless Spain is to be permanently given over to anarchy she must be ruled by a strong and untrammelled government. The Republic is obviously doomed to a speedy death, and the sooner it dies the sooner will we see the end of the civil war which has existed ever since its proclamation. Spain will then be shut up to a choice between the illegitimate boy who is the accepted heir of Isabella and the young Don Carlos. The latter is certainly much better adapted to give peace to the country than is the former; and it is quite time that Americans should rid themselves of their traditional prejudices against Carlism, and recognize that the success of the Carlist arms will be the probable rescue of Spain from bloody and exhaustive anarchy.

TRANSCENDENTAL POLITICS.

IF one were to make an approximate calculation of the uses of taxes, it would be found that during the last twenty-five years in New York City about two-fifths of the public moneys have gone to the politicians. That is, if two and one-half per cent. were assessed on taxable property, about one per cent. went unjustly to the compensation of the members and allies of the party in power. Not only is money required to carry regular elections, but those who control the machine, or those who surrender their preferences "for the good of the party," must be paid in hard cash. And where a Democratic Party in the Legislature is divided into two factions about measures of local importance, a portion of the Republican Party must be purchased by that faction of the Democrats which can make the highest bid. This accounts for Republicans being found in city Boards of Commissioners under Democratic rule. After much study of the subject, we are convinced that, as we say above, the ordinary rate of political taxation is about one per cent., or in New York City, an average of two-fifths on the regular levy.

That rate need not be quite so high if prominent merchants, who complain about the grabbings of Sanborn and Jayne, did not hire some official to get their assessments reduced, or taken off the tax-books altogether.

These practices are usual all over the country. We do not know exactly what Chicago or St. Louis or Washington has to be taxed for parties and politicians, but our general theory holds good that the average rate is two-fifths of the whole taxation. If everybody was strictly moral, New York, for instance, would generally be taxed at the rate of one and a half per cent. But everybody is not moral, either in New York or in South Carolina, and we have a notion that some of the outraged moral newspaper correspondents who criticize Governor Shepherd for public cement appropriations, themselves have, in their time, had their fingers in the tar. It is the same everywhere; but it was not always so; and need not be now. It is due to party corruption and to the dishonesty of leaders.

The remedy is coming. There is a class of people who prefer ability to party, and high-toned to machine morals; men who do not bother much with the ins and outs of politics. They say little; they have perhaps voted a Republican ticket; but they think much about "good men." This was the class which wanted Salmon P. Chase nominated by the Democratic Party, and Charles Francis Adams nominated by the Liberals. The local contest over Sumner's seat, which can be occupied less than a year, assumes national importance because this class is anxious to know what practical effect quiet moral agitation may have. This class has now no name, and in an immediate general election it might not win; but it is growing fast. It will blaze forth with spontaneous combustion. It cannot become enthusiastic over the party or the leaders who maintain Sanborn, Davis, Jayne, Davenport, Stokely, the South Carolina Legislature, and the Louisiana cane-hoeing politicians. It looks higher than archaic Fish, than wealthy Murphy, than grasping Tammany, and it will form a party of moral sentiment and incorruptible intelligence. We know it. Old John Brown would have said that he felt it "in his bones." Next Fall there will be men sent to Congress whose purpose, inspired by their constituents, will be to overturn the whole system of Custom House grabbings, of civil appointments, of evasion of taxes, and of municipal appropriations, and to substitute a simpler, a purer system, which, calling for men like Adams and Booth and Thurman and Lawrence, will make Tweeds unambitious and Jaynes impossible.

NOTES ON LATEST NEWS.

GOVERNMENT POLITICS.—From various sources, and especially in a dispatch from Washington to the New York Sun, we are informed that President Grant, having in view the enormities which are being practiced under the Customs and Internal Revenue Laws, has at last determined that he will accept friendship with the Western Republicans who are led by Morton and Logan, and with the Independent Conservative Party of the South. It is asserted that he will remodel his Cabinet and break with Messrs. Conkling and Butler. We do not see any signs of indication that the new and rising men who are beginning to assert themselves will either join the Grant movement or array themselves on the side of the commercial and manufacturing East; and we earnestly implore Newton Booth, Charles Francis Adams and Carl Schurz not to commit themselves to any faction.

CONGRESSIONAL FINANCE.—The Senate adjourned last week without reaching any conclusion concerning the Finance Bill. But its votes on amendments showed that the people need entertain no hopes of a speedy resumption of specie payments. The threatened division of the Republican Party into rival factions, and of the country into opposing commercial sections, has produced among the leaders of the Senate a desire to compromise. The impression at the close of the week's work was, that the Senate was largely in favor of a reissue of the "reserve," so as to fix the greenback circulation at \$400,000,000, but without any modification favoring a reduction or ultimate redemption. Meanwhile, the action of the Senate has had the effect in Wall Street of expanding loans to the amount of five millions; and the report comes from Washington that the President will neither veto the resolution legalizing the issue of four hundred millions of legal tenders nor that calling for four hundred millions of national bank notes.

ENGLAND.—The two great social questions which are agitating England were frankly referred to in the Queen's speech in the House of Lords. The Government has resolved to appoint a Commission to inquire into the relations between capital and labor. The laborers' party, led by Mr. Frederick Harrison, a radical Comunist writer of the *Fortnightly Review*, has been agitating against the Master and Servant Act; the Act making crimes out of the outrages of trades-unions against employers, and the Act declaring conspiracies amongst workmen to be punishable under the criminal law. Now that a Government inquiry is instituted, the trades-unionists are alarmed, and Mr. Harrison will be compelled to modify his article on "The



Conservative Reaction," in which he attacks the Liberal Party. The inquiry is not likely to benefit the trades-unionists, against whom employers were recently compelled to organize. . . The Government has also undertaken the control of a Bill to simplify transfers of land. This of course, will not affect the question of ownership. But the expenses attending sales of land are so great as to be a burden both to holders and to purchasers, and this evil the Bill promises to remedy.

FRANCE.—The recent speech of the young Prince Napoleon, at Chiselhurst, on his eighteenth birthday, has produced much commotion among both the political speculators and the people of France. In throwing himself moderately upon the *plébiscite* he has made an impression that gives strength to the prophecy of M. Thiers that the Assembly displaced him to make room for the Empire. And the last foreign mail, amplifying recent dispatches, gives us the news that the Monarchists have deserted the political field, leaving France to a contest between the Empire and the Republic. The Monarchists, by proposing to fix the age of majority for voters at twenty-five years instead of twenty-one, thus depriving three millions of people of the electoral franchise, have virtually killed their cause. The MacMahon-Brogie Republic is far from being popular. Recent publications concerning the Government of the 4th of September have excited the fickle French mind; and President MacMahon having fixed the term of his Government at seven years, in the face of a people who wished nothing to be fixed, has created much dissatisfaction. It is popularly believed, notwithstanding MacMahon's determination to remain in power seven years, that he is opening the door to the Monarchy. Meanwhile the youthfulness of Prince Louis, the grace that hangs about his mother, Eugénie, exiled romantically across the English Channel, and above all, the charm and sentiment in the name of Napoleon, are powerful instruments towards the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty. The Assembly has determined not to vote on the name of the Government; and the people will probably decide for themselves that it shall be called the Empire.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. GLADSTONE consents to lead the English Opposition to the Disraeli Government. Mr. Lowe is unwilling any longer to follow him.

A CHICAGO live stock paper has been sued for libeling an old cow, and the *Detroit Free Press* has been sued for libeling Senator Chandler.

CALIFORNIA Democrats are trying to win back those of their fellows who joined Governor Booth. They will persist that the Independent, anti-monopoly movement is a failure.

GEORGIA has 34 cotton mills, within two of as many as New Hampshire; North Carolina has 33, six more than New Jersey; Alabama has 13, South Carolina 12, and Virginia 11.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH, after many business difficulties, has regained possession of his old paper, the *Mobile Register*. The *Register* is an able exponent of modern Southern civilization.

GOVERNOR THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the ablest Democrat, by all odds, in the country, says in a speech before a trade association at Indianapolis that a city government ought not to be controlled by party considerations.

AT the bottom of a Pittston mine, imbedded in a great piece of coal, a copper whistle has been found by a miner. It is said to be ages old, and was probably used to celebrate Democratic victories when they formerly occurred in Pennsylvania.

M. RAMBAUD, in a new book entitled "Germany under Napoleon I." says that the Germans sympathized with Napoleon's early system of Continental policy. They would have been Napoleonized, but for the Emperor's after selfish measures.

NOW that the Butcher Burriel has been made a Field Marshal by the Spanish Republic, for killing Americans, we hope that those crocodilians who have been shedding sweet tears of sympathy with the aforesaid Spanish Republic will stop crying.

PROPERTY in Central Kentucky has depreciated so greatly that investors are buying at what they consider minimum prices. The reason for the liveness of the investment is that the moneyed people are afraid of railroad stocks and loan associations.

CALIFORNIA coast waters abound with sardines, and the land is green with olive-trees; but for want of olive-oil, in which to preserve the fish, California people eat sardines from the Mediterranean Sea. California is Paradise Regained; but it needs capital and factories.

THE English Government has an elephant on its hands—the Ashantee country. To leave the Ashantees at liberty insures future trouble with them, and they must be made as obnoxious to one another as possible. How shall that be done? Only by sending them a parcel of carpetbaggers.

GENERAL AMBROSE BURNSIDE, he who was popular and unlucky as a soldier, and whose greatest achievement in life was to give a name to a style of whiskers, is a candidate for the United States Senatorship from Rhode Island in place of William B. Sprague. Yet, we hope that Sprague will be re-elected.

THE Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* was begun in 1804; and it was once a power among the plantations of the South. When General Sherman reached the sea, he revived the *Republican* and put John L. Hays, a Boston photographer and a war correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in charge of it. Hays was hurt by some carpetbaggers, and he died. The *Advertiser* of the same city became

joined with it, and promised success. But the twin paper has died. Indeed, the South is not rich enough to purchase many papers, or to do much advertising. It reads weeklies, and some of the best New York journals circulate extensively. It is strange that the latter do not give more attention to the Great South.

THE Malays have succeeded in raising a white morning-glory, with queer streaks in the calyx, which, during one day, have three colors—pale blue in the morning, rich purple at noon, and a light pink at evening. There is nothing to equal this phenomenon of change of color, unless it is an "independent" editor.

DUDLEY S. GREGORY, of Jersey, who suggested the idea of postal currency to the Treasury, never contemplated that the new ten-cent stamps should so closely resemble the fifty-cent ones. The new issues are unhandy. Poor people do not readily distinguish them, and no careless man would refuse to take a ten for a fifty in change.

A GRANGE at Little Rock, Ark., has guaranteed a capital of \$10,000 toward the establishment of a cotton factory. Other Granges in Arkansas have determined to establish wagon, plow, wooden and hardware factories. How Horace Greeley, upon reading this news, would have flung his old slouch hat into the air and hurrahed!

COLONEL TOM SCOTT is pushing his Texas and Pacific Railroad strongly. Although a Governor of Texas was elected over a candidate who was supposed to be an ally of Colonel Scott, the people of California are calling the latter the greatest man in the country. His proposed railway route is certainly the best one that has been selected.

SOME one said, years ago, that newspapers, in time, would do away with all other publications except text-books. The *New York Tribune*, with its scientific lecture numbers, seems to be over-fulfilling the prophecy. Among the poor people it is obviating the necessity for scientific text-books, and is an apostle of compulsory education.

THE Democratic State Committee of Missouri has issued a circular, in which it says that the "Old Guard" ought to organize in order to take possession of the National Government. If we understand anything of the "Old Guard" of Missouri, it was somewhat disabled about the year 1863 by a number of men who carried muskets. It ought to form a new guard.

NEBRASKA people are now planting millions of trees. There is an annual holiday, called Arbor Day, which is observed this year on the second Wednesday in April. On that day each landowner is expected to plant at least one tree; and last year the State Board of Agriculture awarded a premium to a farmer who planted 27,800 trees. That man was a public benefactor.

BISHOP BUTLER once startled his secretary by asking, "Why might not large bodies of men and whole communities be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?" If the good old writer had lived in our days he would have seen a mass of people engaged in trying to make money out of paper-rags, and if he had been a punster he would have called them money-maniacs.

LABOR in the South is very uncertain, and the cost of raising cotton is so great that only meagre profits are made on sales. Cotton-lands are highly taxed for the support of the miscegenated State governments, and Southerners are well-nigh discouraged. The South is now in the social and commercial position in which she would have been in 1789 if the Constitution had forbidden slavery. She is making up for lost time slowly.

EX-SENATOR POMEROY's trial for bribery in Kansas is soon to be called; but it is likely that because the presiding justice has expressed an opinion in the case, a change of venue will be ordered, and the case will go over until Autumn. There are so many secrets to be unearthed in a trial of that kind, that the Kansas politicians will endeavor to stave it off altogether. It is Pomeroy's party that is now on trial all over the country.

THE Chicago journals are discussing the problem whether Chicago's lake frontage does not fit her for being a great manufacturing centre. We never heard of a country village that was not eternally discussing something of this kind. New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis—all are discussing what they might be if they only were. Chicago, like many other places, is a great frontage centre; but as a manufacturing centre it will be a failure until it gets manufactures.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS GEORGE M. VAN NORT, of New York, threatens that because he cannot have his own way he will resign his office. The office is the most important one in New York City, but Mr. Van Nort is by no means so important a person that he ought to be requested to remain. The only political effect of his leaving the office would be that Mayor Havemeyer would not be certain to appoint a Republican in his place; and Mr. Van Nort is most of the time a Republican.

THE trial of Sanborn in the United States Court resulted in an order of acquittal by Judge Benedict on the ground that there was a contract with the Government to do Sanborn's work, which was alleged to be fraudulent, but that the indictment did not allege that the contract was illegal and obtained by false representations. District Attorney Tenney is a wholesome, patriotic and brave young man from Vermont, but good intentions and a round voice do not always make discreet technical indictments.

WHEN the average small Custom House Bohemian of New York was paying assiduous attention to Senator John P. Jones, the rich, robust young miner from Nevada, he was wise enough not to tell all that he thought or knew. It would have been surprising if the successor of James W. Nye did not possess something besides seven millions of dollars. He has made a financial speech which has placed him in the front rank of Senators. He was neither afraid of the haughty Morton nor defeated by him. He made a great hit when, in reply to Morton's invective remark that the Pacific States in refusing

greenbacks had been unpatriotic during the rebellion, he said that the rebellion would have been suppressed at a cost of fifteen hundred millions less money if no paper had been used. It is suggestive that Senator Jones comes from a place called Gold Hill. The measures of Government are slowly passing into the hand of new great men, of whom he is one.

SAN FRANCISCO having for several years been agitated by a real estate excitement, now wonders whether the end is coming. Land ceases to be sold, but houses continue to be erected. Meanwhile statistics of banking show that moneyed institutions are loaning extensively on bond and mortgage, and that, therefore, there is extensive credit behind the houses that rise on the sand hills. But immigration is pouring in. The real question with San Francisco really should be, Does the business of the city justify its speculative growth?

ST. LOUIS is the third city in size in the United States. As Chicago is the representative American city, so St. Louis is the great American railway station. St. Louis is not a religious city. It is a sort of Franco-German boulevard where Strauss and Gambetta furnish ideas, and the meerschaum and cigarette waft incense into the soft sub-tropical air. In 1870 St. Louis had a population of 312,000; now it counts its numbers at 430,000. Over 7,000 men are employed in heavy manufacturing, representing a family population of about 40,000. Her trade is with the Southwest, and principally with Texas. St. Louis, which was once isolated, is stretching out her business antennae to all portions of the land.

IN regard to the Sanborn contracts, Secretary of the Treasury Richardson one day last week said that he was opposed to moiety legislation, because it takes treasury business out of the hands of the Government; that Solicitor Banfield appointed detectives; that he himself could not know about all the affairs of his office; that he did not know anything about the law under which the appointments were made; and, in fact, that the affairs of the Treasury were managed by the Solicitor. Here was a great Government effort being put forth, and involving a mighty fraud; yet the chief officer under whose department the effort was made knew nothing of the law, the persons or their actions. General Grant as a selector of Secretaries is not a success.

ONLY a little while ago an *Atlantic* writer was telling us that the California Indian originally came from China. Now, M. Charles Wiener in a "History of the Ancient Empire of Peru," thinks that all the American Indians were descended immediately from the Asiatic races—Hindoo, Hindoo-Chinese and Mongolian. While Humboldt considered that the Empire of the Incas resembled in its social habits a huge monastic establishment, M. Wiener thinks, in the same strain, that the social machinery of the old Peruvians was simply communism strictly applied; and he adds that so deplorable are communistic principles that the Peruvians were an easy prey to a handful of foreigners. Does M. Wiener insinuate that the Prussians were "a handful of foreigners"?

A SENSIBLE writer in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* says that the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by France is destined to plunge Europe into war. The preparation of one nation is a cause for like preparation by another. All fear the power of an ambitious minister and such an army as Prussia has at her command. If peace is granted for a few years, the number and equipments of armies in Europe will surpass anything in past history. Italy will have an army greater than she has had for centuries and better disciplined. If they regain any of their old valor and genius for war they will cut no mean figure in European affairs. Twenty-four millions of people are not a small power when infused with a new national life and moved by a skillful hand. There are no people of Europe who have shown greater military talent and more valor than they, nor can any show more intensity of purpose or indomitable energy.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON's efforts to introduce a system of cremation are meeting with sympathy from many people. It is asserted that a body can be put into a casket and into a white-heated furnace, and that in forty minutes, and while the ceremonies are performing, it will be reduced to a few ounces of dry, odorless white ashes. Sentimental people who wish their friends to be burned up in this world may find consolation in having a dear departed to put away in a locket or a pigeon-hole. This would be showing better taste than that displayed by the modern Greeks, who unearth Venuses and Marses only to make plaster of them. But think of a dear departed getting lost without any name on his little label; of a servant going into a library and taking out a package of Ben Butler to polish tin pans with; of a couple of quinces of Boss Shepherd being accidentally transferred to the "pearl white powder" box; of a tablespoonful of Pinch-back being mistakenly used for whitewash!

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, having recently made some funny speeches, has now made a sober one on the finances, advocating a resumption of a gold basis. Coming from a man who was left an independent fortune, and who had the skill to double it, the speech of this railway lawyer is bristling with bright points and full of commercial history. We rather like his way of saying: "Wall Street and Beacon Street and Chestnut Street may escape; the farm and the workshop, never. Therefore I urge to-day the resumption of specie payments in the name of the farmer and mechanic. I ask a sound currency for those whose plows rust in the furrow; for those who darken the streets of Paterson with their patient waiting. I speak for my own people. And let no man smile that I speak for those whose wants I best know and most feel; I speak for them, not to them. Shall I tell them of sufferings they have felt? Shall I point them to the silent forge, and spindle and loom? They have lived and moved among them all this dreary Winter, as men can live and move even among the silent monuments of departed life. They ask for a sound currency; as their representative, I ask for it in their name. They have waited, they

are still waiting, with patience. So far they have asked for bread, and their Government has given them a stone; they have asked for money, their Government has given them a rag." Shall Mr. Phelps succeed Senator Stockton, if the next New Jersey Legislature is Republican?

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, a brave Confederate soldier, has written a history of the Civil War. He explains that the Confederates did not advance upon Washington, after the battle of Bull Run, because they had no effective cavalry. The Southern troops, he thinks, had greater zeal; the Northern troops, after a while, had better discipline. He believes that the South, instead of issuing paper money, ought to have sold cotton to Europe for real money, which would have given the Confederacy a full treasury, superior in all respects to that of the Federal Government. With this money, says the General, five hundred thousand zealous troops, fully equipped, could have prevented Northern success. Want of money sent the Confederate soldier home to his starving family. In his criticisms on Northern military tactics, General Johnston pays an indirect compliment to General McClellan; for he says that the disasters attending the Northern armies at the outset of the war were due to a policy of aggression, and that both armies should have undertaken a policy of defense. In which latter assertion there are involved grave doubts. Richmond was the keyhole of the Confederacy. Its capture decided the fate of the war in 1865. Its capture would have decided the war in 1861.

#### STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

##### CALIFORNIA RELICS OF A FORGOTTEN AGE.

LITTLE BUTTE BASIN is about three-quarters of a mile in width either way, and is capped by a bed of marl, supposed, from the explorations made, to be at least 200 feet in depth, and which is evidently not of primary formation. The claim will not exceed twenty feet at the deepest point. There have been mortars and pestles found, and they are continually being found, underneath the banks as they are washed away. Those ancient relics contained no carvings at all. Near where the mortars and pestles were found the remains of a camp-fire were plainly visible. The charred brands, the unburned coals and the ashes had more the appearance of being the remains of a fire but recently built and extinguished, than of one actually kindled in the early ages of the world. That the relics of a fire of a certainly very remotely ancient period should have been so intactly preserved in such entirety of freshness is astonishingly remarkable. In near proximity to the old camp-fire there were six excavations, or "pot holes," as they are commonly called, in the marl, some four feet in depth, and five or six feet across the surface, the holes being in funnel form and perfectly similar in regard to size, and with particular exactness as to the distance each one from the other. A piece of petrified wood—evidently older—was found near this locality, as was also a portion of petrified bark. A number of years since a company of miners while sluicing near the centre of the basin, where the ground was ten feet deep, uncovered a large quantity of mortars, pestles, and numerous other Indian trinkets, together with four pipes constructed of gray slate, eighteen inches in length, two inches in diameter at the centre, and flaring at each end—both extremities being formed exactly like the butt end of a common tin horn. The pipes were tastefully polished both externally and internally. The drilling of the cavity was evidently done with an instrument not of sufficient length to perform the entire work from one end, as it was plainly to be observed that the pipes were drilled from either end, as the uneven condition of the inside work at the centre clearly indicated. These pipes were long kept in this place as curiosities, and frequently shown to different Indians, that the use for which they were constructed might be ascertained; but the present race of Indians being as ignorant of the purpose of the manufacturing of these singular antiquarian relics as were the whites, no light on the object of the use for which they were made could be obtained.

IN mining out a portion of the ranch of the late Isaac Trip several years ago, many ancient relics were unearthed similar to those already mentioned. In a bank of twenty feet in depth mortars, pestles, arrow-heads and human bones were found from within two feet of the surface to the very extreme bottom. The skeletons on and near the marl were not as perfectly preserved as those nearer the surface, but they had the appearance of belonging to a giant race, as the frames were much larger than those of the present inhabitants. The trunk of a black oak tree was found about midway between the top and bottom of one of the banks, and which was in a perfect state of preservation. It was cut into stove-wood, and proved to be of the most inflammable nature, burning with the intensity that wood perfectly saturated with oil would burn; and what seemed most remarkable about the peculiar qualities of the timber was the slow manner in which it was consumed by the fire. The earth overlying the marl of the basin has a singular and diversified appearance. The banks as they are washed away by the miners show stratified formations of a very numerous and interesting character, and each strata seem to be composed of substances wholly dissimilar from the others, which would indicate that they were separately formed in different epochs, and that the materials composing them came from different sources. The evidence that the country was inhabited by a race of people previous to the formation of any earth over the marl is perfectly conclusive. The excavations in the marl some have thought, and some still think, were caused by the action of water; but the most reasonable theory is that they were the work of the ancient inhabitants—perhaps they were the basements of the huts in which the people lived—such is the general belief of those who have given the subject the most thought and attention, as the "pot holes" are only to be seen in the vicinity where the mortars, pestles and other relics of antiquity are found.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 87



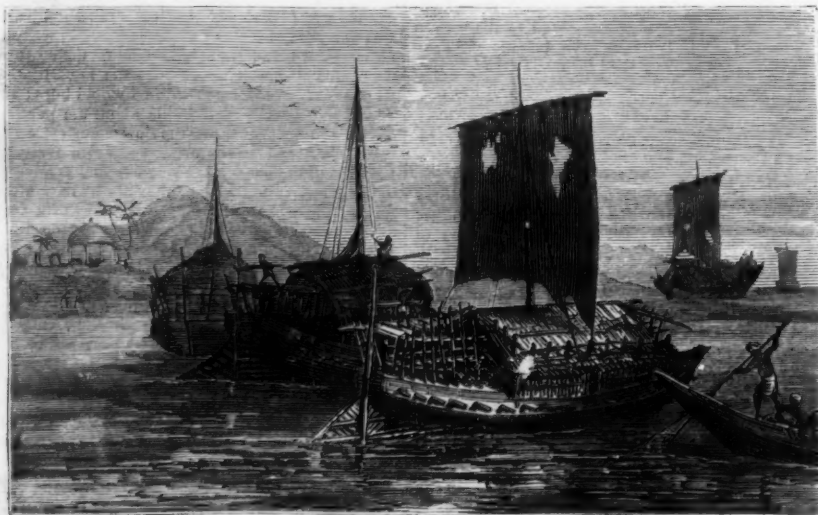
ENGLAND.—THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE STATE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



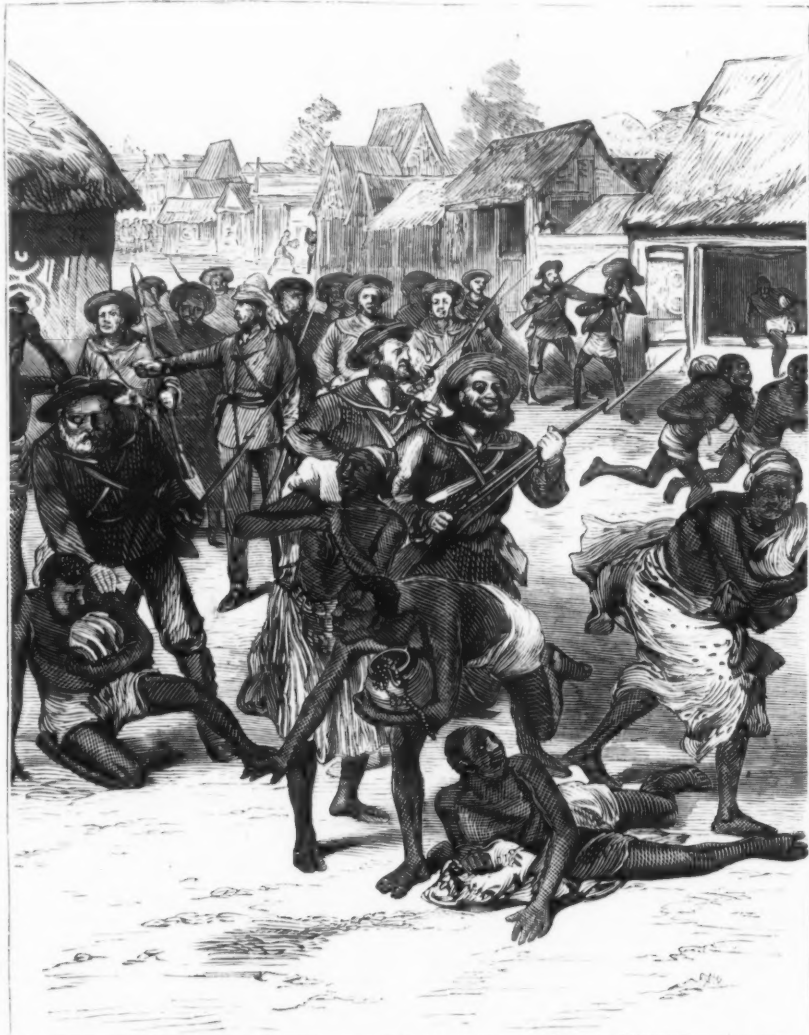
PARIS.—PICTURE-SALE AT THE HOTEL DROUOT.



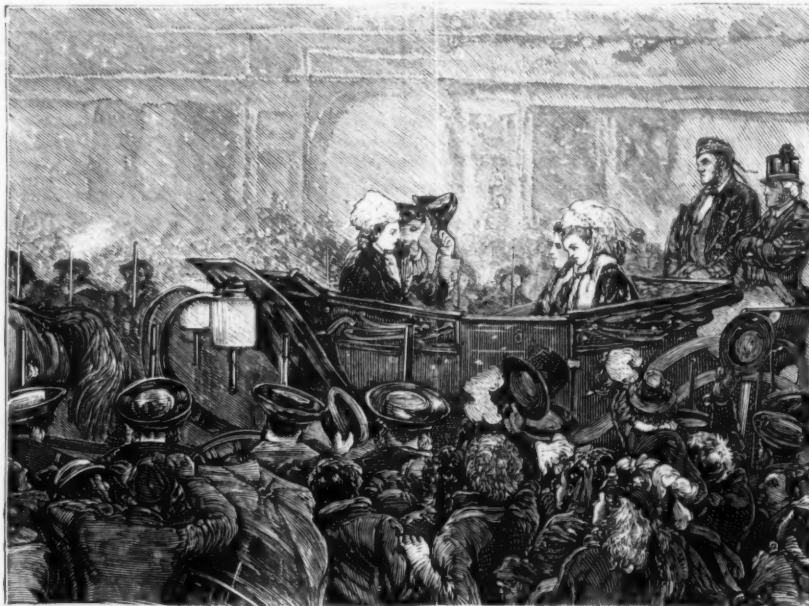
THE ASHANTEE WAR.—SUTAH, A CAPTURED VILLAGE.



INDIA.—THE BENGAL FAMINE.—GRAIN-BOAT ON THE GANGES.



ASHANTEE WAR.—THE ENGLISH NAVAL BRIGADE CHASING ASHANTEE FUGITIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF COOMASSIE.

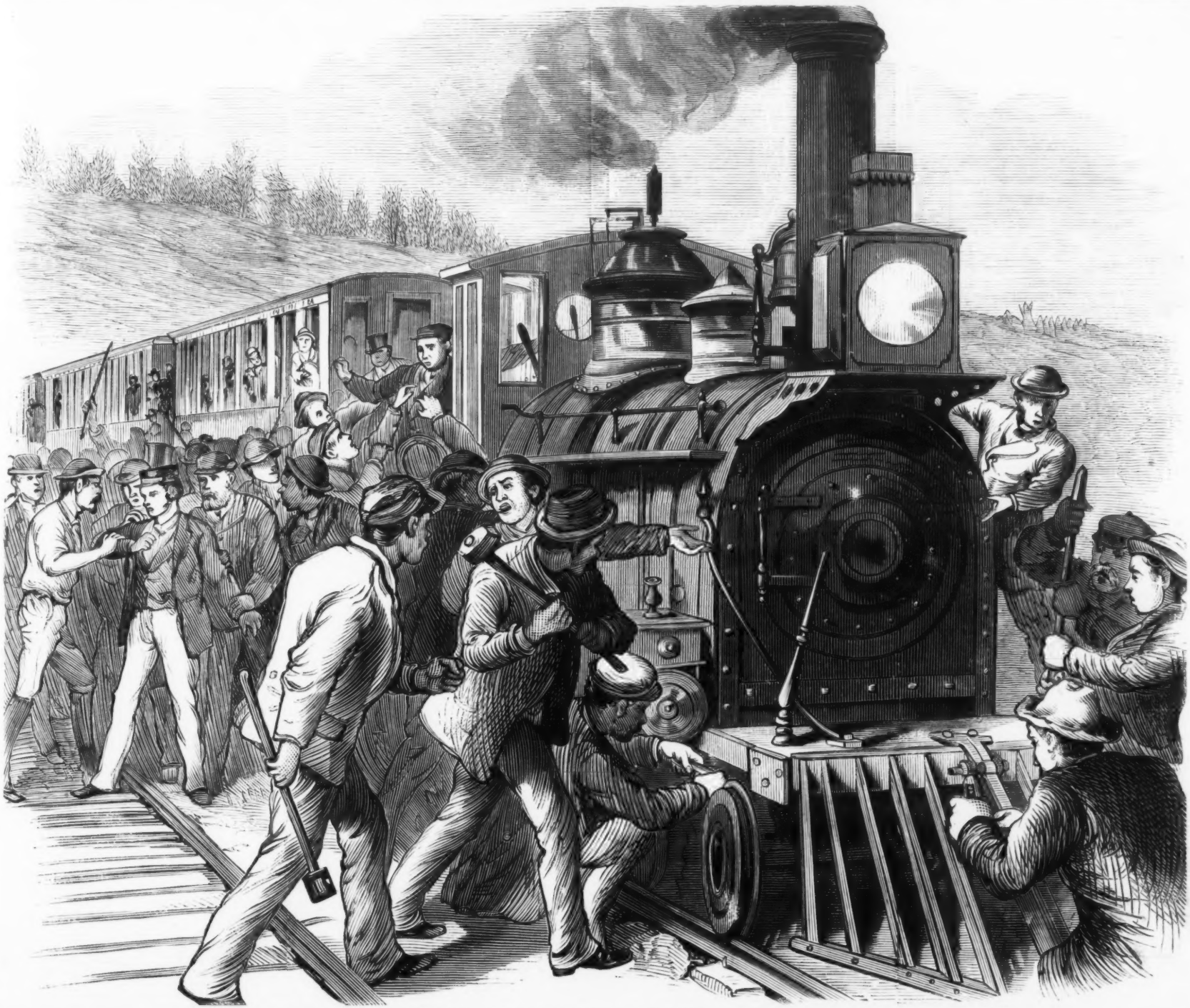


ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL ENTRY INTO LONDON.—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH PASSING THE ADMIRALTY.



ENGLAND.—THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.





THE ERIE STRIKE AT SUSQUEHANNA, PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STRIKERS STOPPING AN EXPRESS TRAIN.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 90.



SERVICE OF SILVER PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN URQUHART, OF THE SHIP "TRIMOUNTAIN," BY SURVIVORS OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE" DISASTER.—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO.—SEE PAGE 90.



## CAPRI.

THERE is an tale, kissed by a smiling sea,  
Where all sweet currents meet: a thing of  
heaven,  
A spent arolite, that well may be  
The missing sister of the starry Seven.  
Celestial beauty nestles at its knee,  
And in its lap is naught of earthly leaven.  
'Tis girt and crowned with loveliness; its year,  
Eternal Summer; Winter comes not near.  
'Tis small, as things of beauty oftentimes are,  
And in a morning round it you may row,  
Nor need a tedious haste your bark debar  
From gliding inwards where the ripples flow  
Into strange grots whose roofs are azure spar,  
Whose pavements liquid silver. Mild winds blow  
Around your prow, and at your keel the foam,  
All gladly sporting, freshly waits you home.

Terrace and slope from shore to summit show  
Of all rich climes the glad-surrendered spoil.  
Here the bright olive's phantom branches glow,  
There the plump fig sucks sweetness from the soil.  
'Midst odorous flowers that through the Zodiac blow,  
Returning tenfold to man's leisured toil,  
Hesperia's fruit hangs golden. High in air,  
The vine runs riot, spurning human care.

And flowers of every hue and breath abound,  
Charming the sense; the burning cactus glows,  
Like daisies elsewhere dapping all the ground,  
And in each cleft the berried myrtle blows.  
The playful lizard glides and darts around,  
The elfin fireflies flicker o'er the rows  
Of ripened grain. Alien to pain and wrong,  
Men fill the days with dance, and nights with song.

## THE CURSE OF CAERGwyn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"  
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

DAVID—his first effervescence worked off—began to be conscious of the unresponsive chill of his listener's manner. The consciousness only stimulated him to greater efforts of eulogy—he had surely failed in some way duly to set forth Vyvyan's virtues. He enthroned his prince on still higher pedestals, but all in vain; and for the first time in their acquaintanceship these two fell slightly out of harmony with each other.

It was while he was struggling in a sort of uneasy bewilderment against this uncomfortable atmosphere that David missed his more material landmarks; and by-and-by, when the transient cloud had cleared away, and Lilius and he, with a new subject of conversation, and Vyvyan left aside, had floated back into the old accord, David discovered that they had taken the wrong road, and must retrace their steps to gain the point at which they had originally intended to aim. Thus it happened that the ride was prolonged beyond its projected limits, and the bright afternoon was well on its way when Little Caergwyn was still in the distance. Not that it mattered much; it had been a glorious day—all save that slight shadow at the beginning, which David had well-nigh forgotten; it was just one more beautiful strophe of the lovely poem of life.

And then young Owen of Pentmawr rode up and spoilt it all.  
He was a fine young fellow, half a dozen years older than David, and he looked remarkably well in the militia uniform he wore—he was returning from practice with his regiment. He lifted his cap to Lilius, and nodded familiarly to young Caergwyn as he requested, in lowered tones, an introduction to the young lady—after which he pushed his horse between the chestnut and the stone wall, and rode along by Lilius's side, all with an assurance which David resented in his secret soul.

"You ride a great deal, Miss D'Este," said he. "That beautiful little chestnut of yours has frequently excited my admiration."

Lilius smiled—her horse was a weakness of hers, and young Owen had found a sure road to her favor by praising it.  
"I assure you I break the tenth commandment whenever I see him," Owen, perceiving his advantage, went on, as he leaned forward and patted Beauty's shining neck. "He's a splendid animal—would make a first rate hunter. Have you ever hunted, Miss D'Este?"

"Once," said she, "and then it was not exactly of my own accord."

"No?"  
"It was Beauty's affair, I think I may say, entirely," said Lilius; "he ran away with me after the hounds. But it was a sensation to be remembered. Since then I have always felt that I knew what flying meant."

"Ran away with you—capital!" laughed young Owen.  
David thought he had never heard such a disagreeable laugh in his life.

"And so you were in at the death?"  
"No, the poor thing got away."  
"And you lost the brush! What a disappointment!"

"On the contrary, I was delighted," corrected Lilius—"my sympathies were all with the poor fox."

"You fair philanthropists are inconsistent," reported Owen, with what David considered detestable flippancy. "You enjoy the pleasure of hunting whilst you weep over the hunted."

Thus challenged, Lilius warmly defended herself and her sisters, whilst Owen betrayed an admiration of the animated speaker which provoked David to action.

"My horse has loosened a shoe," said he suddenly; "there is a blacksmith's forge below here in the lane. Do you mind riding back?"—to Lilius. "It is only a few hundred yards."

"I am riding the same way as Miss D'Este," interposed young Owen. "I can take your place as escort, Caergwyn, if she will allow me, and save her the trouble of turning back."

"Thanks," said Lilius; "but I will wait for David."

Owen stared a little at the familiar use of the Christian name, which came so natural to Lilius's lips.

"Then I will wait too," said he; and David hated him with a bitterness entirely foreign to his sweet, kindly nature, as he rode on a little in advance of the other two, listening to the laugh and merry repartee exchanged between the pair behind him. It seemed to him the most unjustifiable and intolerable act of usurpation, this confident claiming of Lilius's attention by "that impertinent young coxcomb Owen."

He was furiously jealous, although he did not know it, poor lad; and he fumed and chafed over the country blacksmith's deliberate movements, whilst Lilius and young Owen rode up and down the little village street waiting for him, and apparently finding the time by no means long. When David at last rejoined his companions, he wore a disturbed,

dissatisfied look which Mr. Owen understood well enough, but which puzzled Lilius exceedingly; a cloud on David's bright young face was something so new and strange. She devoted herself to chasing it away, and with such success that young Owen, finding his own little play effectually stopped, with just a parting warning, which was lost on the pre-occupied pair, took his leave at the cross road which led to his own residence.

"The clouds are blowing up for a storm," said he, with a glance round; "it will be as much as we shall all do to get home before it comes down."

But David was too happy, basking in the sunshine of Lilius's smiles, for a single disturbing thought to enter, and Beauty was stepping but languidly along; and thus it happened that the first low thunder-growth found them a good seven-mile ride from home, and startled them into a brisk trot.

"We're going to get it pretty sharp," muttered old Hunter, a quarter of an hour later, as he pulled his collar up about his ears.

And so they did. The rain swept down in a great white sheet upon them, the thunder crashed and rolled amongst the hills, and Beauty jumped and swerved as the lightning flashed across his eyes. David threw Beauty's bridle over his arm and gave his own horse the spur.

"Sit steady—hold on for ten minutes more!" he cried, as Lilius shrank before a louder peal and a more vivid flash.

Ten minutes of pelting, drenching downpour, of an echoing din like the hammering of ten thousand bolts in some infernal armory, and then Lilius, stunned and blinded, felt herself lifted from her horse and borne in David's arms to shelter.

"It was the nearest," said he, as he saw her upward look at the dark, frowning portal of his own home.

He held her still, until she disengaged herself from his arms and stood upright in her dripping habit on the stone pavement of the wide entrance. David's hat had fallen off; his fair curls, drenched with wet, were clustering over his white forehead; his Saxon beauty showed in fair relief against the dark stone background of wall.

"He is like Sir Galahad, the youngest and purest of the knights," Lilius was saying to herself, as she stood in her dripping garments, forgetting everything but the picture before her.

The housekeeper's voice brought her back to practical life again.

"The young lady will take cold," she was saying. "I can find something, if she will allow me, that will at least be better than this wet habit."

"Thanks," answered Lilius, shivering, as she followed the good woman along the gray passages and up the wide staircase, wondering, as she surveyed the portly respectability of the middle-aged figure, what garments would be forthcoming for her use in that mistressless household, and a little amused at the vision of her own slight person hidden in the folds of Mrs. Phillips's black silk gown, or rolled mummy-wise in that excellent woman's Sunday cloak.

## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. PHILLIPS knew what she was about. She passed the door of the chamber where the "lady's garments" were carefully laid away and only taken out from time to time, to be as carefully aired within locked doors.

Mrs. Phillips dared not offer these. But there was a large store of other garments, diligently tended, too, laid up in silver paper, with musk bags and camphor, and heaps of cedar-shavings, against moth—rich brocades and dainty India muslins, quilted petticoats and satin saques, and fine old linen, and tiny high-heeled shoes, heavily perfumed with attar of roses, all stored up and laid by with the feminine traditions of the family which had, and was to have, no mistress.

"Near upon a hundred years old, miss," Mrs. Phillips explained, with the pride of an old retainer, "and had out, only so late as last week, to be thoroughly aired. I always attend to them all myself; it would grieve me, indeed, if anything suffered from neglect, when Mr. Vyvyan or Mr. David will be bringing home their own ladies some of these days; and ladies know the value of such things," she added, proudly. "Maybe, miss, we may find something here that may do for a change, until we can send down to your own maid—the storm is so heavy just now," glancing at the darkened windows. It's all old-fashioned," proceeding to unlock the wardrobe, "but it's not unsuitable, if I may say so; and there's nothing of mine that would fit, even if I could presume to offer it," concluded the good woman respectfully.

Lilius gazed at the treasures unfolded before her with a little shriek of delight. She handled the delicate fabrics with discriminating fingers.

"What exquisite old lace! What would mamma say to it? And such brocade! As stiff as a board! And the lovely work, and the faint, delicate colors, like moonlight, or pearly clouds, or pale sea-tints! And the quaint, delicious patterns! And the scent, like a dream of the Arabian Nights! I must put on this rose-colored petticoat and this cream-tinted saque strewn with carnations, and these lace ruffles, and this little gypsy cloak and hood for my shoulders. Oh, and this charming round cap with the blue bow and the yellow cobweb of lace! My hair ought to be powdered," she went on, as she stood before the long oval mirror and surveyed herself, "and then I should look as if I had stepped out of one of these picture-frames—should I not? Ah, our great-grandmothers had an idea of dress which we have lost or forgotten! What a pity we have grown so stiff and so demure!"

Mrs. Phillips looked on, at first a little gravely, as the young girl arrayed herself after her programme—the sober-minded woman, living always in the gloom of the Gray House, was so unused to the pretty frivolities of girlhood. But, as the graceful toilet proceeded, and the young, radiant face bloomed out of the little lace cap, the housekeeper smiled and approved, and finally decided it was "the prettiest that had ever been in the house since my Lady Annabel, whose picture hung in the yellow drawing-room, and who, poor lady, began all the troubles of the house!"

She even laid aside again the heavy Indian shawl which she had looked out, to hide the toilet of which she had felt half-ashamed, and marshaled the young lady proudly down the staircase, and into the great hall, with somewhat of the feeling that the old times had come back again, when fair ladies tripped up and down the grim passages, and bloomed in the empty boudoirs.

"The sweetest young lady I ever saw in my life," she communicated afterwards to a select few of the upper servants, gathered together in her own apartment, "and as merry and gay as a bird. Such a laugh! You could not but laugh with her when she began. I thought to myself, as I looked at her—the pretty creature!—if we had only got such a bit of sunshine always about the old hall, what a different place it would be for the young gentlemen—and for us all, too, for the matter of that! Ah, if Providence had only sent Sir Owen a daughter!"

"And so Providence will, in its own good time, no doubt," oracularly pronounced the butler.

"That," said Mrs. Phillips, looking grave, "lies

beyond wishing for—more's the pity!—in this house."

"Morgan says the spell is to be broken some day," put in the butler, speaking in the low, solemn tone in which the "curse" was always alluded to. "Who knows that it mayn't be in our day, Mrs. Phillips?"

"It's almost too good to be true," answered she, sighing and shaking her head. "Mercy, what a clap!" as the thunder broke just over the Gray House, with a crash that shook it to its centre, and drove the fresh color from the comely cheeks of the housekeeper.

"It's not lucky to talk about it," she said presently, recovering from her fright. "We had best leave it alone, Mr. Williams. 'Tis not for us to meddle with or look into, that's clear."

And Mr. Williams nodded gravely in reply, as he slipped his "glass of something comfortable" before the fire which had been lighted to brighten the dreary afternoon.

Lilius stepped into the great hall, of which the housekeeper had thrown open the door, and looked about her with admiring wonder. It was a large and lofty apartment, stone-paved, and hung with the shields and banners of dead and gone knights and crusaders. One end—at which, too, was the dais which proclaimed this the old dining-hall and living-room of the feudal period—was almost entirely filled up by a magnificent mullioned window of stained glass. Just now the rich coloring was extinguished against the sombre, storm-driven sky; and it was only by the gleam of some vivid lightning-flash that ever and anon a quaint figure or rich device showed itself for one instant and then vanished again in the dimness.

Round the huge open fireplace at the other extremity of the hall was gathered the living interest of the apartment—the faithful Morgan—an old man, with weather-beaten features and long, picturesque gray locks, lighted up by the blazing wood fire; and stretched at his feet, on the bearskin which served as hearth-rug, were a couple of deerhounds and a noble mastiff.

"Morgan," called the housekeeper, "will you tell Sir Owen and the young master that the lady is here? The drawing-rooms are cold, miss," she added, apologetically. "The young gentlemen use this room generally, and there is always a fire here. Down, Hector! Down, Gelert! Morgan, send the dogs away."

"No, don't," cried Lilius, fondling the great creatures as they gathered about her. "I love dogs—and these are such splendid ones! I shall do very well here"—to the housekeeper. "It is better than any drawing-room; it is like a picture!"

She sat herself down in the corner of the oaken settle by the fire, and held out her little mittened hands to the blaze. The mastiff laid his brown nose confidently on her lap, and old Morgan paused on his way to Sir Owen's study to look back admiringly. Whilst he lingered, the door behind opened, and two other pair of eyes looked with equal admiration and far greater astonishment upon the unwonted vision at the fireside. Sir Owen stood in the doorway leaning upon the arm of a young man, taller, darker, graver than David, but with an unmistakable likeness which made Lilius say to herself as she stood up, blushing, in her quaint old world attire, "Vyvyan!"

"Vyvyan!" echoed aloud the glad voice of David, as he hurried across the hall from the other entrance, and greeted his brother warmly. "Vyvyan, you here—so soon! Miss D'Este!" catching sight of Lilius for the first time. "Father—Vyvyan—this is Miss D'Este. The storm—"

"We have heard already what good fortune the storm has brought us," interrupted Sir Owen, courteously, crossing the hall to Lilius's side. "I have sent a messenger to Little Caergwyn, to let Mrs. D'Este know that you are in safety."

"Thanks," murmured Lilius, confused beneath the earnest gaze of Vyvyan's dark eyes, and remembering for the first time that her costume was more suited to a fancy ball than the sober requirements of every-day life.

"I am so glad to be able to introduce you to my father and brother," David was saying, delightedly; "and on Vyvyan's first day, too. It has been such a fortunate chance."

"I have been very remiss," said Sir Owen; "I should have paid my respects to Mrs. D'Este long ago, but circumstances—ill-health—have prevented. I trust David has made my excuses; I shall not need any in the future. But the storm—I am afraid—that is, I heard you were very wet." He looked down at her anxiously, as if he expected to see signs of stress of weather still about her.

"My habit was unwearable," Lilius answered; "and your housekeeper could only supply me as you see. I am afraid," she added, laughing and coloring, "I present a strange, masquerade sort of figure."

"It is charming!" cried David.  
"I thought it was the latest fashion," said Sir Owen, gravely; "I am so far behindhand in ladies' matters that I recognized nothing but that it was very pretty," he added, simply.

Vyvyan said nothing, and Lilius felt rebuked by his silence, and by the gravity of his glance.  
"He is not like David," she thought; "I shall never like him as I like David—dear, good David!" And then she stooped to caress the deerhounds, and looked up again to find Vyvyan's eyes still fixed upon her.

"I wish I had brought Mrs. Phillips's shawl," thought she. "What a ridiculous figure I must be!" "Tell Mrs. Phillips to send us in coffee and cakes," ordered Sir Owen to old Morgan, with a dim remembrance of young ladies' tastes floating back to him through the mist of years.

And then they all gathered about the fire, Lilius the centre of the group, and David moving from one to the other, his frank, fair face aglow with delighted satisfaction.

Refreshments were brought in presently, with Mrs. Phillips herself superintending, so important did she deem the unwonted occasion. Sir Owen took his place at the end of the long table, with Lilius on his right hand; and then it was that the storm-clouds suddenly swept asunder and a great rift of sunshine poured in through the stained window and flooded the hall with a glory of crimson and golden light.

"How beautiful!" cried Lilius, setting down the cup she had just lifted to her lips.

But old Morgan standing behind his master's chair uttered a great hoarse cry as he pointed with a shaking forefinger to the young lady.

"Heaven save us!" he ejaculated. "The sign—the sign! Mr. Vyvyan, Mr. David, take her away—take her away!" "The sign is on her!"

"Hush, Morgan! What do you mean?" cried Sir Owen, as Lilius turned pale and shrank before the old servant's vehemence.

"The sign!" he repeated. "Do you not see it? The mark of the serpent!"

And then they all saw upon Lilius's fair forehead, as she sat in the full glow of radiance from the window, the purple shadow of a serpent, twisted almost in the shape of a triangle, reflected with strange clearness from the centre device of the window.

"It's unlucky for that shadow to fall on any woman," muttered old Morgan, wiping his forehead, on which the drops of perspiration stood; and he repeated an old doggerel in Welsh in support of his assertion.

"Morgan is crammed full of Welsh superstition," explained Sir Owen, trying to smile; but he put Lilius into his own seat as he spoke, and she saw that his pale face had taken an added shade of pallor, whilst the two young men on the opposite side of the table strove in vain to hide their concern.

Plainly the gaiety of the party was over; the coffee swallowed in silence; and it was almost a relief when Miss D'Este's maid was reported to have arrived with the low pony-chaise from the Dower House to convey the young lady home.

Sir Owen insisted on driving his fair guest back to Little Caergwyn—a determination which caused no little sensation in the household—and Mrs. D'Este received his apologies for this tardy visit with a gracious sympathy which struck the first note of a warm friendship between them.

"A noble face, with a history in it," said she to Lilius, after he had left.

"We seem to have fallen upon strangely interesting people, Lily."

Lilius remembered the afternoon's episode of old Morgan, and shivered a little. "A new world and new experiences," answered she, musingly.

"And Vyvyan—you have seen Vyvyan, too," said her mother—"this wonderful brother of David's? Is he as great a hero as we have been taught to expect?"

"Yes, I have seen him," answered Lilius, slowly. "And do you like him?" inquired Mrs. D'Este.

"I don't know," said Lily.

"Is he like David?" asked the elder lady.

"Yes—no—no, he is not like David," replied the young girl.

"And you were not pleased with him," concluded Mrs. D'Este, a little curious, as country-people are apt to be over a new arrival, and a little puzzled, besides, at her daughter's hesitation.

Afterwards, as Lilius stood at the window alone, and watched the clouds rolling away before the weirdly grand sunset, she answered her mother's question gravely to herself. She did not like Vyvyan—she should never like Vyvyan—for all David's fervent exaltation. And David, with his generous, loyal heart and his pure enthusiasm—David was, and should always be, her hero! So she decided, as the sun sank down behind his crimson throne, and left a great flood of golden light behind him.

## CHAPTER V.

"WELL, now you have seen her—Lilius"—David's eager eyes searched his brother's face—"is she not all that I told you?"

"Yes"—and how much more Vyvyan never told.

In truth, he had been taken by surprise. When David's letters had been filled with enthusiastic descriptions of Lilius, Vyvyan had only smiled a little superior smile to himself, thinking but lightly of David's country taste—Vyvyan's two years of the world having given him such wider range—and knowing David's easily roused enthusiasm of old, so that Lilius burst upon the young man like a wonderful surprise. Vyvyan's two years of wider life had shown him nothing like this which was waiting for him at his own door. He was astonished, bewildered, fascinated. He was never weary of recalling the picture which had met him in the gray old home—the little figure nestled in the corner of the dark oaken settle, the sweet face bent towards the great, gentle brutes, which she seemed to have won, like another Una, by her beauty and her grace.

Vyvyan was so long dreaming over this picture that David grew impatient, and shook him lightly by both shoulders.

"What a sober old fellow you have become!" said he. "And"—measuring himself against him—"you have gained two full inches over me! Your hair is darker, too; and, Vyvyan, what a fine gentleman you have grown! It is not only scholars that Oxford makes, it seems. What a rough country fellow I feel beside you now!" He laughed exultingly, with the old pride in Vyvyan, and the old depreciation of himself.

"Am I changed?" asked Vyvyan. "I did not know it. You, at least," he added, affectionately, "are the same good old David. I should not like you to alter."

"Thank you; but since I have seen you I am fired with emulation. I should like to be a fine gentleman too, Vyvyan."

"My father is changed," said Vyvyan, presently.

"Doctor Milsom was right; he is gravely changed."

"I have noticed nothing unusual," said David, startled; "he has seemed always the same; he was more pleased and animated to-day than I have ever seen him. What is it that Doctor Milsom thinks?"

"I hardly know, beyond that he thinks that I—well—should not leave him for long together. It is unlucky that I have arranged to join Harcourt's party; and I have so much work cut out and planned that it is difficult to leave it all."

"You like Oxford?"

"Like it? Yes. That is life, David; this is sleep. There are great bounding pulses of life, the heart-throbs of a mighty centre of thought and action. Oh," he cried, his eyes kindling, "do you not know how it feels to be swept along with the swift, strong current towards the great, sounding, ever-moving sea—to be in the turmoil and the struggle, with every muscle braced and every nerve strained for the grand, noble race?" He paused, and looked away with rising color and flashing eyes.

"And yet you are glad to come back home? It is pleasant here, too, is it not, Vyvyan?" inquired David, wistfully.

"Pleasant! Yes, with the soft pleasantness of the mermaid's lullaby, with the enervating sweetness of Calypso's isle—good for rest after work. David, but fatal for work itself—intolerable to him who has girded himself with manhood's armor, and has already tasted the stern delight of the battle."

David felt rebuked and ashamed. Vyvyan had indeed soared above and away from him and from them all, and he—degenerate David!—felt nothing as yet but the keen pang of desertion—no desire to follow the flight which his brother described as so noble. Caergwyn, David honestly but unmovably recognized, held all that he cared for as yet—not even Vyvyan's trumpet-call had roused him to more exalted ambition.

The truth was that David had not been standing still in these two years. He, too, had journeyed into another sphere; another and a fuller life had opened up to him as well as to Vyvyan—only the schools of experience in which the two young men had graduated were widely different.

Morgan looked in to call his dogs to supper, and David roused himself from his musings as he gazed into the fire.

"Morgan," said he, "you startled Miss D'Este terribly just now. You know she is not used to our family stories; you must be careful another time with ladies and strangers."

"Yes," assented Vyvyan; "I am afraid we are absurdly superstitious down in this out-of-the-way



corner of the world. We want the light of day here sadly."

Both young men spoke kindly and considerably, as they were used to speak to the old servant; but the old man's nerves had been shaken by the storm, or by the afternoon's fright—he was cross and irritable.

"Ay," said he, muttering, as he gathered his dogs about him. "There's many a one goes abroad for wisdom, and comes back to find it at his own door-stone. What's known and proved by gray heads is not to be gainsaid by a few fine words from the young and heedless. You've had your warning this day; ask for grace to take it to heart, say I. As for the young lady, let her look to it; the serpent's shadow is no light burden to bear."

The two young men glanced at each other as Morgan departed, pulling the massive door heavily behind him. For all the enlightenment and the new atmosphere in which Vyvyan had lived of late, something of the old influence under which he had been nurtured reasserted its power; it was not so easy, he found, to shake off the fetters of a superstition which had been so early instilled.

"Morgan hasn't much respect for enlightenment," said David, trying to laugh off the effect of the old man's speech. "He lives in a world of his own, and does not understand anything beyond it;" and David at that moment felt his sympathies to be a good deal with Morgan.

Mrs. D'Este walked up to the Gray House the very next day to return Sir Owen's visit, but not before David had brought Vyvyan to Little Caergwyn for presentation to the gracious lady. David, in his eager way, could not rest until Vyvyan was thoroughly in the current of the life he had led these last few months.

They all walked up to the Hall together. Mrs. D'Este watching David's hero with a cautious criticism David himself had never provoked. But then Vyvyan, grave, silent, self-contained, was a very different person from frank, impulsive, open-hearted David, with all his faults, as well as his virtues, going before him to judgment. Was Vyvyan shy or proud with the self-conscious pride of a tyro who, going out into the world for the first time, comes back with an arrogant, self-sufficient belief in his own superiority to those he had behind him? Mrs. D'Este was not sure as yet.

Mrs. Phillips saw the ladies coming, and hurried to throw open the yellow drawing-room. Mrs. D'Este saw Sir Owen shiver in the cold, unused room, and begged, presently, for a sight of that grand old feudal hall of which Lilia had given her last night so enthusiastic a description. And they were all glad to escape from the state of the shining waste of holland to the rich, warm color of the oak-paneled hall and the leaping fire of huge logs, before which, as usual, the dogs stretched and basked.

Sir Owen stood up against the high mantelpiece where the coat-of-arms of the Caergwyns was carved above his head, and his thin white hands towards the blaze; and then Mrs. D'Este's observant eye saw what Doctor Milsom had already seen—that fragility which had grown upon the recluse, unperceived by those nearest to him, perhaps by himself. Mrs. D'Este roused herself from a little sad reflection on this withered, wasted life.

"What a magnificent window!" said she. "How antiquarians and ecclesiologists must envy you its possession, Sir Owen!"

"I believe it is very fine," responded Sir Owen, with a sigh.

He was looking at the central device as he spoke, and the irrepressible thought came to him how that window represented the tenure of all his possessions at Caergwyn—it held the menace of the serpent's sting within it.

Mrs. D'Este was curious in the matter of stained glass windows; she had all the higher and more cultivated tastes of her caste. She stood up to examine the rare designs more closely—to speculate on dates, and unravel complicated medieval symbols, according to the light of her learning in connection with the subject—and the rest of the party followed her, as she drew nearer to the end of the hall, in pursuit of her investigations. The fifth April sun came out and stained the stone floor with splashes of crimson and purple light, and cast grotesque shadows upon the upturned faces of the group.

"How curiously that figure is defined!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Este, as the purple serpent-triangle marked itself out in clear sharp lines at her feet.

"How is it produced, I wonder?"

"It is nothing—nothing," nervously asserted Sir Owen—"only one of old Morgan's superstitions; he has one connected with nearly everything about the place. Old Morgan is a faithful servant, and a quaint, original character. I fear"—turning to Lilia—"that he startled you yesterday; his fancies are so real and so tragic to himself."

"Is there a story connected with this figure?" asked Mrs. D'Este. "May I hear it?"

Sir Owen and his sons hesitated, and Mrs. D'Este colored from a sense of indiscretion; but Lilia, smothering an unaccountable feeling of repugnance, came to the rescue.

"Morgan's story is that it is unlucky for that shadow to fall upon any one," said she. "Yesterday it fell upon me, and the old man was very much disturbed in consequence; to-day, you see, we all escape."

"Or the danger is equally distributed amongst us all," suggested David, cheerfully. "Well, we can bear it better in company."

"It is wonderful," remarked Doctor Milsom, who now joined the party, "how thoroughly imbued with superstition these Welsh peasants are. Living amongst them, and seeing their earnestness of faith, I declare, in spite of education and common sense, one catches somewhat of the infection, and finds oneself half believing in ghosts and such shadowy personages. I believe it is in the very air."

"It is a characteristic of all mountain populations," said Vyvyan, with the manner of one who had for some reason studied the subject; "look at the Scotch and the German mountaineer legends."

"But," interposed Mrs. D'Este, smiling, "since the spell has been cast over Lilia, I should like to know what particular form of evil is threatened."

"I am not sure that Morgan knows precisely," said Sir Owen, uneasily. "It is the nature of his craft to be mysterious."

"You must let me make old Morgan's acquaintance some day," proposed Mrs. D'Este, as she held out her hand to Sir Owen in farewell; "he must be a whole volume of interesting legend."

She wondered a little, as they walked homewards, how it was that Lilia, usually so communicative in the smallest details of all that concerned herself, had left this incident of old Morgan's superstitious belief to reach her thus accidentally.

(To be continued.)

It is proposed to establish a steamship line between Mobile and Havana. In order to encourage the project a Cairo (Ill.) firm offers to send 7,000 barrels of flour weekly for shipment.

## ASTONISHING JUGGLERY.

### THE MAGICIANS OF SIAM.

A LETTER from Siam to the *World* thus describes a scene at an exhibition given by some native jugglers: "That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be the tall athlete Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the credulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun around with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human, jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body. There was a sudden strain and the arms of the men from being horizontal became perpendicular. Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, and Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned a somersault, and the column was unbroken.

I could fill several columns with descriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared: it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, which was killed with an ax. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, which, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, the elephant disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor, and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

## MAXIMS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ.

SOME of the most celebrated aphorisms ever given to the world are those of Cardinal De Retz. As a writer the fame of De Retz rests upon the "Memoirs," a most striking and brilliant work. But his maxims have their value, as the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. This was Lord Chesterfield's opinion, and he adds, "They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculation." We subjoin a few of them:

"Weak men never yield at the proper time."

"There are no small steps in great affairs."

"I am persuaded that greater qualities are required to form a good party leader than to form an emperor of the universe; and that in the order of the qualities which compose him, resolution should walk hand in hand with judgment—I mean heroic judgment, the principle use of which is to distinguish the extraordinary from the impossible."

"Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand."

"When fear rises to a certain height it produces the same effects as temerity. Fear never applies the proper remedy."

"We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false."

"A man who mistrusts himself never truly confides in any one."

"Men never believe others can do what they cannot do themselves."

"The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions."

"I have remarked that ill-founded enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offenses of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil fancies."

"To common-place people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed."

## A BRAVE ICELAND GIRL.

### THE PARTING KISS IN THE RIVER.

MR. S. E. WALLER started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you for a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his hosts by making himself amusing. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage:

In the morning I made a small study, and after a very tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knocking at the door we asked: "Is the river very deep?"

"Very," said a voice from the inside.

"Is there a man who will show us the ford?" we asked again.

"No," was the reply; "both Jon and Olav are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do quite as well. Here, Thora, go and show the Englishmen the way."

Immediately an exceedingly handsome young

woman ran out, and, nodding kindly to me, went around to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and, not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his bare back, drove her heels into its side, and galloped off down the river-bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

We became naturally rather excited at such a display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it; she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and in point of horsemanship was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on the sand-bank.

"You can cross here," she said, "but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it, you will be able to see the cairn of stones we built to show the landing-place."

"All right," I said, "Good-by." She looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "I'll come through with you; it will be safer." "Good gracious, Bjarni, don't let her come," I said; "she is sure to be drowned, and I can't get her out with all those wet clothes on; tell her to go back."

But before I was half way through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course we followed as quick as possible, and, after a great deal of splashing, reached the middle of the flood. "Now," said she, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, "there's the mark." The waters were running level with the horses' withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high that they could keep their noses clear.

"Good-by," she said, "God bless—" and, before I was quite aware of it, kissed me on the cheek.

I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone, and a few minutes after we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I had thought of it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life.

## FOREIGN DEMAND FOR GRAIN.

SINCE the 1st of January of this year the shipments of grain to foreign ports from the United States have been largely in excess of those in former years, and aggregate to March 7th, from the principal lake ports alone, 12,421,057 bushels, against 6,275,188 bushels the same time of 1872. The shipments of flour during the same period were 1,253,180 barrels, against 164,678 barrels, showing an increase in both instances of nearly 100 per cent. This increase is also noticeable from August 1st, 1873, to March 7th, 1874, the shipments aggregating 102,554,607 bushels of grain and 3,492,285 barrels of flour, against 86,046,487 bushels of grain and 2,476,240 barrels of flour in the same time in the year preceding. About the same ratio of increase is observable at the seaports, from which a brisk and increasing trade in grain and breadstuffs has been carried on to the advantage of this country.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### A PICTURE SALE IN PARIS.

One of the sights in Paris is the auction hotel in Rue Drouot, where public sales of furniture, pictures, etc., take place, as shown in our engraving. These sales are under the auspices of a Board of Commissioners, numbering eighty, who have charge of all auction sales, whether forced or voluntary. Auction sales in bankruptcy are all made at this hotel; and these occasions bring together all classes of people, rich and poor, the shoddyite and the artist, the antiquary and the lover of objects of vertu.

### SUTAH.

This place is one of the camping-grounds of the English troops at the Ashantee war. Enough of the rank vegetation has been cut away to let in plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and huts have been erected for the comfort of the officers. Natives are seen in the foreground preparing dinner, just as they did when Mungo Park was a traveler in the wilderness.

### A GRAIN BOAT ON THE GANGES.

The extent of the great famine in India is far greater than most people suppose. Hundreds of thousands of people are suffering for want of food. Subscriptions have been taken up in London, and the British Government is doing much to relieve the starving natives. Large shipments have been sent thither. We give a sketch of a grain-boat on a voyage up the Ganges.

### CHASING ASHANTEE FUGITIVES.

On the 6th of February the English troops under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley entered the capital of the Ashantee Kingdom. The chief and king of the Ashantees had previously fled with his court, leaving much treasure behind. As soon as the English came in sight of the town the native citizens stampeded, hastily snatching what valuables they could carry. Our illustration represents the Naval Brigade clearing the streets previous to burning the town.

## THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

After the royal couple had landed from the vessel at Gravesend Pier they were driven to the railway coaches which were in waiting to take them to Windsor. The car especially provided for the Duke and his wife is called a saloon carriage. It belongs to the Southeastern Railway Company, and was used by the Shah in traveling from Dover to London. Our illustration represents the Duchess taking her first view of Windsor Castle, as the cars follow a curve in the line of the road.

### THE ROYAL ENTRY INTO LONDON.

The state entry of the Queen, the Duke and the Grand Duchess of Edinburgh into London was the occasion of great enthusiasm. Flags and other emblems were displayed all over the city. An immense assembly gathered in front of the great hotels and along the streets, notwithstanding the snow and dismal weather. As the cortege approached Pall Mall, however, the sun burst forth and lighted up the royal procession, and the vast multitude cheered while the royal party drove to Buckingham Palace, reaching there at a quarter past one. A body of Coldstream Guards were mounted as a guard of honor inside the gates. The long line of troops following the royal carriages entered the gates, while the band played English and Russian airs. The Queen, followed by the Duke and Duchess, passed up the grand staircase, and appeared a few minutes afterwards on the balcony.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### DOMESTIC.

A BILL has been introduced into the Maryland Legislature to encourage immigration thither from Scotland. It provides that the Commonwealth shall pay fifty-nine per cent. of the passage money, and the person who secures his services forty-one per cent. In return, the immigrant is expected to sign a contract to remain three years in the State, and to give his note, payable in twelve months, for the passage money. Yale's new boathouse will cost \$12,000. A New Orleans horse railroad company recently sunk 47,000 counterfeit five-cent nickel coins in the Mississippi River, the receipts of one year. The counterfeiting of these coins is carried on so extensively in New Orleans that the *Picayune* estimates that 1,000 people daily pay the fares on the horse railroad with bogus coin. The total ice yield in Maine for the season, including old ice on hand, is estimated at 1,500,000 tons, and it may possibly reach 2,000,000 tons. Of this, some 500,000 tons have been sold or bargained for at \$3 per ton, or a total of nearly \$1,000,000.

Amherst College now has \$60,000 in its fund. It is proposed that the teachers and pupils of the whole country take part in this memorial, and that on the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th of May, they shall each contribute something, however small, to the Teachers' and Pupils' Memorial Fund, in honor of Louis Agassiz; the fund to be kept separate, and the income applied to the expenses of the museum. The California Senate has passed a compulsory education Bill. New York State has more than two hundred Granges or organizations. The answer of the American Steamship Company, of Philadelphia, to Captain Brady's claim for salvage in bringing the *Pennsylvania* into port will be that his conduct, in persisting in retaining command of the vessel after the danger was past, was mutinous and subversive of discipline, as the third officer was able to discharge the duties of captain. Gold hunters are leaving Oregon for the Alaska mines. The Iowa Legislature has enacted a law against baggage-smashers. The penalty for recklessly injuring baggage is a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred, and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days. The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention will be held in Pittsburgh in May. More than 300,000 gallons of olive-oil are imported by the United States for table use alone. The Supreme Court of California has decided that the tax levy of 1872 and 1873 was unconstitutional. On St. Patrick's Day the *Irish Nationalist*, a newspaper of San Francisco, Cal., was printed in green. The weather is moderating up on Mount Washington. The mercury has risen to 29° below zero. The St. Louis bridge will be finished in about six weeks. An error of only a million and a half of dollars has been discovered in the accounts of Jay Cooke & Co. with the Northern Pacific Railroad. Strawberries are plentiful in New York at seventy-five cents a quart. Eleven Apache warriors were killed, and thirty women and children of the tribe captured, in a fight with Major Randall, near Florence, Arizona, recently. The route between Halifax and the United States is to be shortened by running an express train to make the trip in four hours in connection with the line of steamers to Portland. The entire loss by the explosion of the towboat *Crescent City*, on the Mississippi River, reaches nearly \$300,000.

### FOREIGN.

THE works at the Tulleries are nearing completion. The new gallery overlooking the Seine is finished. It is a splendid gallery of one hundred metres in length, divided into three parts by two salons of circular form. It will probably be devoted to the large paintings of Rubens. The dressmakers were four years making the Duchess of Edinburgh's *trousseau*. It is probable that Sir Garnet Wolseley will be rewarded with the rank of Major-General and a pension of \$7,500 per annum. An English penny newspaper has been started in Vienna. An ammunition-wagon exploded at Serrano's camp and fifty men were killed and wounded. The Carlists assert that the movement of Marshal Serrano against the Royalists before Bilbao has entirely failed. There was no fighting between the 23d and 30th of March. Riel, the Manitoba representative in the Canadian Parliament, has been ordered to take his seat immediately. Commercial affairs on the Isthmus of Panama are reported to be in a very unfavorable condition. The first soup-kitchen is about to be opened in Naples with imposing ceremonies. The gross receipts from British railways have increased from \$110,000,000 in 1858 to \$256,000,000 in 1873, having more than doubled in fourteen years. Austria is the first country to adopt measures for the introduction of cremation as a mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. Sir Henry Thompson's paper on cremation has been translated twice into German: once at Cologne and once at Graz, a city in Austria, containing a population of 100,000. At Mul-kapur, India, a child was decoyed into a heathen temple by a priest and another person, who murdered him and burned his body with betel-nuts and camphor before the image of the goddess Kalie, in order to induce the deity to reveal hidden treasures in a neighboring hill. The crime was detected by the British authorities, and the priest was tried and executed.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

EDWIN BOOTH acted last week at De Bar's Opera House in St. Louis.

A Boston correspondent says Gilmore lost just \$290,000 for his subscribers at the last Jubilee.

BOCCICAUT will leave for London in a few weeks, where he intends producing his five new plays. He will return to America in the Autumn.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON gave a morning performance at Philadelphia, on the 9th of April, for the benefit of the Fountain Society of that city.

THE executors of Edwin Forrest have settled with the divorced wife of the deceased by paying her \$95,000, she agreeing to forego all her claim for that sum.

MR. STRAKOSCH is making his arrangements for next year, when he has positively determined to bring out Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" in New York.

MR. ISABELLA McCULLOCH BRIGNOLI, wife of the tenor, now in Europe, sang in "Martha" recently, at the Brooklyn Academy. This was her first appearance in public for several years.

M. VICTOR MAUREL, the distinguished baritone of the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe, has sailed for Europe. He is bound to the Covent Garden Theatre, for three Spring seasons, and thence he will proceed to St. Petersburg, unless he returns to the United States.

MESSES. JARRETT & PALMER have at length effected an agreement with the owners of Booth's Theatre, by which that property passes into their hands on the 1st of May. That they will then leave Niblo's Garden is certain. The offer for the lease of Niblo's that was made by Mr. Josh Hart—\$50,000 per annum—was rejected by Mr. A. T. Stewart. Hart wanted to devote it to the Variety business.

MISS KELLOGG says she ought not to complain because she has been compelled to succumb to the climate of Boston for a few days, but ought rather to be thankful that she had the health to sing ninety times since October 6th—five months and a half. She has realized more than twice as much this Winter as she ever did in a single season before from her operatic engagements. Her share of the receipts the first week after her engagement in Boston was \$3,500—almost as much as Nilsson has averaged.





THE CUSTOM HOUSE ON THE CANADA LINE.—CUSTOMS OFFICERS SEARCHING BAGGAGE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK TRAIN AT VANCEBORO, MAINE.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 52.





THE BURNING COAL MINE AT WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA—STOPPAGE OF THE "FAN."—SKETCHED BY ALFRED J. EAMES.—SEE PAGE 50.



DALD MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA. THE SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE PHENOMENA AND THREATENED VOLCANO.—SKETCHED BY THOMAS C. MORTON.—SEE PAGE 90.



## A CYCLE.

If he had come in the early dawn,  
When the sunrise flushed the earth,  
I would have given him all my heart,  
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour  
He would not have come too late;  
I would have given him patient faith,  
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after glow,  
In the peace of the eventide,  
I would have given him hands and brain,  
And work for him till I died.

If he comes now, the sun has set  
And the light has died away,  
I will not give him a broken life,  
But will turn and say him "Nay."

## KYLE GRIFFITHS.

## A TALE OF THE WELSH COAST.

BY THEODORE GIFT.

SEA like a duck-pond, calm as glass and red as fire; a long strip of snow-white sand, backed by precipitous rocks; gray by day, red too now from the incarnadine arch of sunset sky above; to the westward a strip of land running out into the harbor, and showing black as ink against the lower line of living gold, where, far beyond, the sun has just dipped his flaming orb to rest behind the waves. Over the point the topsail rigging of a three-masted vessel. Nearer, in the foreground, a girl seated on a heap of dried sea-weed, her pretty brown dimpled arms clasped about her knees, her head uncovered save by a mass of black silky curls, thrown back, and resting against an old boat, moss-grown and broken, and long disused, which had found its last haven in this quiet nook. It was all very quiet at first, but by-and-by a step came tramping over the hard smooth sands. The young girl's cheek glowed with a deeper red, and her breast began to heave and her hands to tremble, as though she were a bird on the eve of flying to its mate. Not being a bird, but a woman, however, she coquetted—sat still staring at the sunset she did not see, and started and almost screamed when a big man, brown and bearded and muscular, came suddenly round the stern of the ruined boat, and with a short exclamation, half choked as in great gladness, took her straight into his arms, and hugged her till she screamed in right earnest:

"Kyle, put me down! put me down! How dare you be so rude, sir! Let me go, please do."

"Not till you've given me a kiss, Faithie," said the other, keeping his hold good-humoredly, yet with something of reproach in his grave blue eyes. "What? not one after three months' waiting? Why, lassie, I thought you cared for me a bit better nor that. An' I'm hungry for this minute every day and hour since I left you."

The tone of the reminder—perhaps even the slackening of his arms—touched her. Faith Morgan had a warm little heart, albeit five years younger and smaller than the one against which it was beating now. Inconsistent as a true woman, the moment he let go she began to cling, and put up her lips.

"I do care for you, Kyle," she said, "only—only you startled me so," and forthwith she began to sob like a baby. He made no answer at first, only kissing her with close, tender kisses on lips and eyes, till the tears were driven back, and the lips pouted:

"Now, Kyle, do let me go. You're so rough, and—somebody might be passing."

"And what if some one was?" asked the sailor, loosening his hold, however, and letting her resume her former seat, while he took up a position on the boat's keel beside her. "Who has a better right to kiss you than I? I can tell you, Sam Jones's lassie didn't wait for him to begin, for we walked up from the pier together, and she had the house-door open, and her arms round his neck, while he was still peering up at the window on the chance of her looking out."

"Nancy Evans is a bold girl," quoth Faith, tartly. "If those are the manners you like, Kyle, I wonder you didn't try to cut Jones out when you first came here."

"I come between another man and his lass!" cried the sailor, staring; "but there, you're joking, sweetheart; and besides, you know there's never a girl in Wales, or England either, that could meet my fancy save your little self alone."

"You don't mention America," said Faith, saucily. "America!" repeated her lover; "why, in the name of all that's comely, you wouldn't have me compare you to a Yankee girl, would you?"

"The honest indignation in his tone, however ludicrous in itself, had a softening effect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half-shamefaced whisper.

"Only I told you I wouldn't wonder if you took to a foreign girl. Some say they're prettier than we are."

"You would ha' wondered, though," retorted Kyle, promptly. "Prettier than you? I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me your hand, and turn your face this way. Do you think I'll be content with the back of your head to-night?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and she let him keep it; but her face was still turned away, and there was a faint quiver about the ruddy lips. Perhaps her next words explained it.

"Father says you're going away again, almost at once, Kyle."

"Ay; when he came aboard to meet us he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a little rest aside of you afore I went away again. But after all it will shorten the time o' waiting one way, lassie."

"How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for you till I was a captain? I'm going as captain this time, and only for a six weeks' trip; leastways, that's what they calculate it at. Some business with the New York agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard about it?"

"That the *Olinda* was to be fitted out for sale, and that you were to take her over, an' charter another vessel to bring you back? Yes; but won't it take you longer?"

"I doubt not. They're to have the boat and cargo ready. Mr. Denbigh's arranged all that. Did you know his son—the new junior partner—is to ship with us?"

"Yes," she said. Good heaven! how rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson sky was fading into blues and violets. He was looking at her, and the brows suddenly darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, fierce expression. His voice, however, was quieter than before.

"I can't say I care about sailing with the owner's son. I'd liefer take any other passenger. They're

apt to fancy that because they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard, an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't hold with no Co.'s in salt water. Hows'ever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked the man."

"And don't you?" asked Faith, timidly, her color still high.

"Do you?" said he, stooping forward to look her full in the face. "He's bee a deal at Amlwch since I left, people tell me, an' you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do you think of him?"

"I, Kyle?"—her eyes drooping beneath the sharp scrutiny—"I—I don't know. He's pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice enough."

"And I think him a cross between fool and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths, shortly; "son of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder—"

Faith snatched her hand away angrily. "He has more manners than you," cried she, panting and ruffling like an enraged sparrow; "he's a gentleman at any rate, an' would never dream of using such language of people he don't even know more than to speak to. Oh!"—and her feelings were too much for words, and an indignant little sigh and shiver filled the gap.

Even the violet was dying out of the sky now, and cool gray shadows crept up from the east, and threw a sombre tint over the man's face. A small, cold wind rose out of the sea, ruffling its breast with long, fretful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing child. It chilled the dimples in Faith's cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off Kyle's stern brow; and far overhead a gull flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle spoke:

"He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, then, I am not. Had I been one, I might have been betrothed to some fine lady, instead of the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these five minutes have you found fault with my manners. I don't say they're finer nor a rough sailor's have need to be, but you never laid blame on them before. Has this gentleman been teaching you to do so in my absence this time?"

Women are constitutionally cowards. Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all reply at first she, metaphorically, turned tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready shield of femininity a burst of tears. It was not until they had lasted long enough to make Kyle apostrophize himself as a brute that she sobbed out:

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now that I love you as you are, better than—and yet—oh!" Another burst, and the pretty head drooping very near Kyle's knee. Involuntarily he laid his hand caressingly upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a softened, soothing tone.

"Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, then, don't cry. Mayhaps I was over sharp, but I was met on landing by ill talk about young Denbigh an' you. They said he had been taking my place, an' though I wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to the foul-tongued gossip, it sort o' cut me when you spoke up for him. Faith, lassie, I love you more than many a husband. If you were to play me false with any one, I think I'd feel like killing him an' you too."

He looked like it at the moment, and she believed him, and trembled at the mingling of passionate tenderness and wrath in his tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped his strong hand in both hers, her face turned up coaxingly.

"Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love; you know I never could. What's Mr. Denbigh to me, but father's partner?"

He was holding the soft hands and looking down into the sweet eyes. The moon, just rising, glittered on something which, unnoticed by her, had escaped from the folds of her neckerchief—a golden circle, with the portrait of a man within.

"Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone which strove for steadiness, "you're wearin' a grand new trinket since I saw you last. Who gave you that?"

He spoke too suddenly. With a quick frightened gesture she snatched away her hand, as if to hide the bauble. With a face deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly consciousness, she stammered out:

"I—I—it's nothing—father's—I mean I bought it."

Without a word, Kyle loosed her wrist and rose up. Without a word he turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps he came back, and said, very hoarse and low:

"Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, an' you know it. I can't say if it was for the first time, but I can say it will be the last. I wondered—and his voice sank deeper still—"that you should shrink when I took you in my arms a while ago. I wonder now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's face lying between my heart an' yours. Go to him now, an' you will. I want no wife on whom I can't depend in word an' deed."

He was gone the next moment; and Faith, sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went home to find Philip Denbigh at the garden gate waiting for her.

He had been courting her for the last two months; and she—had coquetted with him. Flirting is not an amusement confined to the upper ten. I have heard of a young Patagonian squaw who was as finished an adept at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, an only child, and the prettiest girl in Amlwch, had been wonderfully fond of trying her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the arrival of a new first mate for her father's favorite vessel—the vessel he had commanded himself until he was admitted to a partnership in the firm of Denbigh & Co., his employers. Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true as the light of day, and masterful as he said himself, had "cut out" all the rest in no time, and won Faith for his own undivided property. She never even cared to look at any one else when he was by; and, I believe, loved him as entirely as was her nature, with most worshipful affection; but when Kyle was away at sea, and young Mr. Denbigh came to Amlwch—Mr. Denbigh, who was what she called a gentleman; some one who wore fine clothes, and had white hands and a curly mustache—and when this hero testified an immediate and violent admiration for herself, how could she help being pleased? How could she help going back to the old habits?

She did not help, either. Mr. Denbigh made love; and she smiled and flirted, all unconscious in her flattered vanity of what the neighbors were saying, until, just three days before Kyle's return, the sailor brought matters to a crisis by a declaration. They had had a tiff about a photo. of Faith, which Denbigh had stolen and put in his pocket; and he had brought her a fine gold locket with one of himself in it, and begged her to accept it and take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a wakening for silly little Faith, and the conclusion, "But I am engaged!"

Followed anger (from the gentleman) and tears (from the lady).

Followed fresh solicitations, more ardent from the rebuff, and fresh "Noes," more feeble from remorse and shame.

Followed tremendous scenes of masculine woe and anguish, and feminine contrition and soothing. Finally Denbigh left the house, determined to try again on his return from America; and Faith remained with the locket, which she had at last con-

sented to keep and wear, as some small salve to the giver's wounded affections. She loved Kyle far, far better than his rival; but Philip Denbigh was so handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as hanging the trinket round her neck for a day or two; and no one need ever know.

Nevertheless some one did know—now; and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savage snubbing on this aforementioned evening.

"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come back. He'll never leave me so. He must ask my pardon first," thought the weeping beauty, that night.

He did not ask pardon, however, nor come back. The *Olinda* sailed three days later, and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle had a beautiful black retriever, which he had been used to leave behind to "take care of his lassie love while he was gone."

He took it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconciliation before he went. Patience! it would only be six weeks, or at the most eight, and then he would be back, and she would be good—so good and meek. He must forgive her then.

Eight weeks had passed—eight weeks all but two days—when the sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blowing great guns all day, and for many days and nights before; and the waves had wrestled terribly with a crazy bark which, with creaking timbers and leaking pores, with strained and naked masts bending beneath the gale till at every lurch they seemed like to bury themselves in the foam-crested waves tumbling mountain-high around them, had striven like a living thing to weather the cruel storm.

Where was she now? The huge breakers, crested still with foam, turbid and purple-stained, dashed themselves, moaning and roaring, against the gray and iron-bound cliffs of the Welsh coast, flinging up great fragments of timber, torn and twisted scraps of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, too awful in their piteous mutilation for any human name, against the pitiless rocks, only to suck them back again into the black and boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent clouds, black, too, but fringed with fire, were gathering thickly over the threatening vault; and low on the horizon the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed from between them to something black and broken, over which the sea was breaking in unresisted fury—the stem of a vessel, with the broken bowsprit and foremast just visible amongst the foam and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened, that sail looking red now before the angry sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutler cared to show even now to its tender mercies. It had been a work of danger to get near the wreck at all, hanging as she did in a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when the order was given to tack and 'bout ship again.

Suddenly the captain caught up his spy-glass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, he roared to the men to "hold all hard."

"There's summat living arter all," he said, pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks, where some object was plainly discernible even by the naked eye. "There! just above the line o' high water. Can't none o' ye see?"

"A man down on all-fours!" cried one of the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un surely to ha' kep' life in him so long."

"Lower the boats," said the captain, sharply. "Now my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an old pilot,) "give us a coil o' that line. We mayn't be able to get over near him; an' I say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o' rum inter the stern-sheets—quick!"

They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh pilots; I have owed my life to them; but I am afraid they thought their courage and kindness wasted when they found the object of it was—only a dog! They hauled him into the boat, none the less, almost too much spent, poor fellow, to second their efforts; and then, while he was trying very feebly to lick the hands that had saved him, his beautiful eyes full of all a dog's gratitude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his collar.

The captain opened it. "To Miss Faith Morgan, Amlwch," he said, reading something within; and then, not being a person of refined delicacy, he took the paper out, and opened and read that. This was what it said:

"Boat just left with the crew and Philip Denbigh. No room for me; but no wish for it. Remember that. I give mine on board, with willing heart, to him you gave it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. Forgive my rude words as I forgive your falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful than we are, an' to Him I pray to care for you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' tried to, had He been willed to let me."

They gave that paper, with the dog—a beautiful black retriever—to Faith Morgan. It was all that ever came to port of the ill-fated *Pride of the West*, the ramshackle old bark, which had been hastily patched up, and thought good enough to last one voyage more. Boat and crew were never heard of again. They must have perished with their fine young owner in the vain attempt to reach land, that stormy night; and there was no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman strove, by every vulgar boast and innuendo, to torture the man whom he considered his successful rival—the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly feelings that would have made him bear anything rather than, by word or retort, drag the name of the woman he loved into an unseemly dispute—the man whose unswerving discipline, and tireless energy, had alone preserved them even so long—the man who, when the ship had struck, and the cowardly scoundrel who owned it was clinging in frantic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for their captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable wretch first with his own strong arms; and then, seeing there was no room for more, cut the rope that held the boat to the sinking ship, and staid alone—to die!

And Faith? Faith is living still. I met her yesterday coming up the high street at Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-eyed thing between them. A bright, bonny old woman she is too, with as comely a face as if the eyes had never been washed in salt tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of care.

"I must be goin' home to my old man," she said, stopping at the corner. "Kiss grannie, sweetums," and then turned just at the churchyard-wall, where stands a rough stone cross, "To the memory of the captain and crew of the *Pride of the West*."

Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps better by his death than if he had lived to carry it out. As Faith says:

"He was a rare good man, but hard, over-hard and stern for ord'nary folk."

## THE ERIE STRIKE.

THE cause of the recent strike of the workmen employed by the Erie Railway in its shops at Susquehanna is thus explained by the chairman of the laborers' organization:

"During the past Winter the mechanics were working on three-quarter time, and even at the small rate of wages they could earn it frequently ran into the third month before they could get their pay, and then there was no fixed time for paying. On or about the 3d of February the men struck for a regular pay-day, and the matter was settled by the company stating that they would make the 15th of every month pay-day in future, and that they would give the men their February pay on the 15th of March. The men resumed work, and when the 15th of March came notice was given through the officials that in consequence of certain embarrassments into which the company had fallen in New York they could not pay before the 25th. The men accordingly yielded the ten days' grace, and when the 25th came a notice appeared on the bulletin-board in the shops to the effect that the paymaster had commenced paying elsewhere, and that those along the line who were paid first on last month would be paid last this time, and *vice versa*. The notice was eagerly scanned, and its contents spread throughout the entire range of shops as rapidly as a wave of fire sweeps over the parching prairie, the men taking it as an insult. Accordingly, pursuant to a resolution adopted on the 16th, work was immediately suspended by the 1,100 men, bells were rung, a mammoth steam-whistle was blown, the officials forced from the shops, mill-band and lathe and wheel were thrown idle, and the entire works cleared and under complete control of the men in about twenty minutes. In addition to striking for a regular pay-day, the mechanics also demand regular apprenticeship in the shops instead of employing unskilled labor, as at present, to do the work of mechanics. They also want to be paid up to date, and receive at the rate of time-and-a-half for all over-time. The regular monthly pay of the employees in and around the machine-shop averages \$50,000. The population of Susquehanna Depot is about 8,000, nearly all of which is dependent on the earnings of the men employed in the Erie Railroad Company's machine-shops."

When the trains were stopped, and passengers delayed, Governor Hartranft sent about 800 troops to Susquehanna, to protect the shops and the trains. He said that no creditors, however just their claims, had any right to obstruct travel, or levy on property not their own without legal authority. The strikers were astonished at the move, and more so when under the protection of the soldiers the company paid them off and discharged them. We give an illustration of the scene at the Depot; also of the strikers stopping an express train.

## TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN URQUHART OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

THE survivors of the lost steamship *Ville du Havre* have presented Captain Urquhart, of the British ship *Trimountain*, with a costly silver service, manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., as an expression of their gratitude to him for rescuing them from the sinking *Loch Earn*, and bringing them safely into port. The testimonial consists of eight pieces, each bearing Captain Urquhart's monogram skillfully engraved. On the water are these words: "Presented to Captain W. W. Urquhart, by the survivors of the *Ville du Havre*, who were received by him on his ship *Trimountain*, November 22d, 1873, and kindly cared for until landed at Cardiff, Wales, December 1st, 1873." Surrounding this inscription are capstan, lifeboats, anchors, cable and ropes arranged in symmetrical coils. The gift, which we illustrate, cost \$1,500.

## THE BURNING COAL MINE AT WILKESBARRE.

IN the heart of the anthracite coal regions, ten miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., the Empire Coal Mine has been burning since January. The entrance is not by a perpendicular, but by an inclining, tunnel. Down where the workmen are fighting the fire a person unaccustomed to the heat could bear it but a few minutes. The fire has control of an area of 1,200 yards of coal, 300 feet from the mouth of the pit. Deadly gases pour through the heated fissures, making life perilous. The firemen fight the flames a few hours and then are relieved by others. Immense pipes pour water into the subterranean chamber. It is said that the company expend more than \$1,000 a day in fighting the flames, and 500 men are employed. If the fire continues until the middle of April the company will have spent \$110,880 in quenching the flames, while at the same time it will have cost \$398,568 in coal, which, had the fire not broken out, the miners would have taken from the earth.

## BALD MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA. SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

GREATLY exaggerated stories have been told of the earthquake manifestations at Bald Mountain, in North Carolina. Citizens have declared that burning boulders stopped their ascent; and at other times they were almost suffocated by sulphurous vapors pouring from the flaming fissures which opened with every convulsion. Some declared that the entire country was frequently illuminated by sheets of flame. Religious revivals sprang up, and scores of both sexes were converted. Immense meetings were held in the mountain districts, and after each shock the lists of church membership swelled amazingly. There has been much discussion as to the cause of these natural disturbances, which, of course, were highly exaggerated, and a division of opinion is the result. Colonel Lewis M. Hatch, who has traveled extensively in that region, writes to this journal that on one occasion when near the mountain he witnessed a remarkably severe thunderstorm, and, from all he can learn, he believes the disturbances to be caused by electrical discharges, or electrical convulsions. We give views of the mountain and neighborhood.

## AMERICAN CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIALS EXAMINING PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE AT VANCEBORO, ME.

THERE is, perhaps, no department of the public service which engenders more unpleasantness, if not ill-feeling, between neighboring nations, than that of the Customs. So much is, of necessity, left to the discretion and the integrity of the officer, that there exists not only ample scope for the annoyance of the mere traveler, but for the indulgence of abuses and wrongs the most flagrant. This is especially noticeable at some of those smaller ports which simply arrest passengers on the wing, before arriving at their final destination,



and subject them to a scrutiny, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they, by accident or design, have among their luggage, or otherwise in their custody, any goods that should properly pay import duties, or be taxed for the maintenance of the General Government.

As a principal officer is seldom or never employed in this way-service, and as the subordinates who perform it are, for the time being, beyond the reach of any central authority, it may be conceived readily that grievances obtain for which there is no immediate remedy. Where the officer is not inclined to be obliging or just, he can, on the slightest pretext, do you incalculable mischief by detaining your luggage until after the departure of a train; while should you attempt to expostulate with him, in anything like angry terms, if he happens to be an ugly customer, your trunks are ransacked from top to bottom, and your private flask and bundle of cigars paraded before your eyes, as the most damning evidence of your being neither more nor less than the adroitest of smugglers. If, however, through the channels of inductive reasoning, you are able to persuade him that you are not going into the tobacco or liquor business, and do not intend to dispose, in the way of trade, of the slight stock you have on hand, he generally contents himself with sampling both articles and curtailing your enjoyments for the remainder of your journey if you have any great distance to go.

The experienced officer of gentlemanly instincts never commits himself or gives the slightest unnecessary trouble to those with whom he is brought into contact in this relation. He never invades a lady's satchel or takes notice of a yard of cherry ribbon or a pair of baby's shoes. For the most part he detects at a glance even the slightest symptoms of fraud. In relation to the opening of any trunk or package, he distrusts on the part of the owner the least hesitation, as he does anything that savors of over-readiness; well knowing that the one may be inspired by conscious guilt, while the other may be intended to induce a superficial search. In both cases, however, he is courteous; and if constrained to perform an unpleasant duty, does so without giving needless pain or offense.

In our present issue we give a very graphic and finely-executed full-page illustration of some of our Custom House officials examining passengers' luggage at Vanceboro', Me., on the arrival of the train from New Brunswick. They are busily employed, as we perceive; and as they have power to break open, detain or ransack any package, we may well conceive how anxiously those ladies and gentlemen look on who have been handed over by the tender mercies of the Customs' officers. Let us trust, however, that all the trunks now on the platform, as well as those in the adjoining room, will be found to contain nothing contraband, and that in a very few moments they shall receive the white chalk-mark that will set them free, and send them and their owners on their way rejoicing.

#### LORD PALMERSTON.

THE third and concluding volume of Lord Palmerston's life has just been published. It is reported in London that the Queen induced the biographer, Henry Lytton Bulwer, brother to the poet-novelist, and formerly the English Ambassador at Washington, to modify, and, in some cases, to altogether omit, many chapters relating to the life of the late Louis Napoleon. It is well-known that the premature official recognition by Palmerston of Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 2d December led to his sudden retirement from the British Cabinet, to which he was triumphantly brought back with increased power soon afterwards. It is very evident that he was aware of the late Emperor's design, and that he most thoroughly approved of it. In one of his private memoranda he says: "We must not judge of these strokes of state from an English point of view—but France is altogether a people without a precedent. The French are not a nation, but an audience—they do not want a ruler, but a manager—they are governed not by laws, customs, Constitution or reason. They demand spectacle, and are only happy in excitement. When you can no longer amuse the French, their *ennui* takes the shape of revolution. At a private interview I had at the Tuilleries with Louis Napoleon, he candidly told me that if he had not caged the leading spirits of Paris he would have been the victim; he therefore resolved to treat them as his uncle had the Convention, and as Louis Philippe ought to have acted at the Reform Banquet in 1848. 'He hesitated, and was lost. My *coup d'état* was an act of self-preservation. Only Morny, Persigny and Bugeaud knew of my intention.'" Palmerston adds that "the indignation of the Queen was great, but when I had explained my reasons to Prince Albert, he said with his usual manliness and good sense, 'I will give your reasons to the Queen.'" Louis Napoleon at this interview told me candidly that it would not be his fault if he were driven from France," but I have now only three trump cards left in my hand—war with Austria, Prussia or England; but war is a dangerous experiment with my people; it is impossible to know where the evil will stop."

It appears that Lord John Russell was more offended at his colleague's acting without consulting him than disapproving of the act itself.

We will give one instance of that love of fun which Palmerston so largely possessed: He was invariably accompanied by an umbrella which Lord Lincoln—afterwards the Duke of Newcastle, who visited us with the Prince of Wales in 1859—declared threw Mrs. Gamp's famous umbrella into the shade. It was very old, very green, very large and very baggy, and gave beholders the idea that Palmerston used it as a *portmanteau* to carry home his Parliamentary Blue Books. Now, if a London exquisite has a horror of anything, it is an umbrella of that description, and we dare say that the modern Beau Brummels would suffer martyrdom rather than carry one down any fashionable street in London. Palmerston made use of it on one occasion to inflict a piece of small vengeance upon a dandy of the House of Commons who had voted against him on some question which he had much at heart. It was his invariable custom, whatever the hour might be, to walk from the House to his home, Cambridge House, after the business was over. On this special occasion he had been on a committee, and with a light overcoat on his arm and his stalwart umbrella, which he used as a walking-stick, was leaving the Palace Yard, on his way to an early dinner. He had hardly taken a dozen steps when this elegant and fastidious Adonis of Belgravia accosted him, and, saying that he was going towards Cambridge House, offered the aged Premier his arm, which Palmerston accepted. The fashionable exquisite then politely offered to carry his light overcoat. His dismay may be imagined, but not described, when his companion said, "Thank you; but I really will trouble you to take my umbrella!" There was no escape, and with a sickening horror creeping over his frame he took the portentous article. All through the Park, which was crowded with the *élite* of fashion, was the unfortunate votary of appearances led by the veteran statesman, and it was not till they reached Cambridge House that the owner of the Gampish machine relieved him from his pur-

gatorial burden. When Palmerston related the ordeal through which his recreant supporter had passed, he said to a mutual friend, "I think I served the marquis out for the vote he gave the other night."

#### ANCIENT TREES.

OVERTON, formerly a village, now a town, situated in Flintshire, just divided from Denbighshire by the Dee, has its churchyard thickly studded with splendid yews, and from this circumstance forms one of the lesser wonders of North Wales. The yews are of various ages; one very old one is fast going to decay, the trunk is quite hollow, and the cavity large enough to hold several people comfortably. Its circumference must be 30 feet three feet from the ground.

Again, there are twenty large yew-trees in the churchyard at Gresford, in Denbighshire. One measures 29 feet in circumference five feet from the ground; it is more than 60 feet high, and is supposed to be about 1,450 years old, planted in the year 426, when the Romans finally left Britain, Wales being at that time a Roman province.

In the churchyard of Darley, Derbyshire, there is a very large old yew-tree, which is a source of attraction to Peak visitors, and is said to be the largest and oldest tree in the kingdom. It measures 33 feet round the trunk, and though bereft of many of its branches, is still in full vigor.

In the churchyard of Tisbury, Dorsetshire, there is now standing an immense yew-tree, which measures 37 feet in circumference. The trunk is quite hollow; it is entered by means of a rustic gate, and seventeen people lately breakfasted in its interior. One in Staines is upwards of 1,000 years old.

The great yew at Fortingall, Perthshire, N.B., is stated by Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," vol. 1, page 282, to measure 56½ feet in circumference, and is supposed to have been a tree at the commencement of our Christian era. It still remains, and was visited by Mr. Niell, the naturalist, in 1833.

Many interesting accounts are further given of the yew in Evelyn's "Silva," and also by Gilpin in his first volume of "Forest Scenery." White, in his "History of Selborne," note, page 7, says it is calculated that there are yews in Britain upwards of 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

There are some fine yews round Fountains Abbey, curious in themselves, as well as historically interesting; they are said to have been full-grown when the abbey was built in 1132. (Gilpin, page 280.)

At Hanchurch, near Newcastle, there is a spacious quadrangle formed by many old yews; a church is supposed to have once stood there. Also there is a remarkable avenue of yews at Hales Hall, near Cheadle, Staffordshire, and again some remarkable yews at Himley, Caverswall and Tixall. The yew was a sacred tree among the Northerns. Its ancient British name was *yew*, or *yewen*; the former (pronounced *yew*) is the plural, the latter the singular; its botanical name is *Taxus baccata*.

Evelyn speaks of a holly edge in his garden measuring 160 feet in length, 7 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. In Keele Gardens, near Newcastle, the seat of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, there is growing a holly edge 110 years old, 100 yards in length, 6 feet wide at the top, 20 feet wide at the bottom, and 32 or 35 feet high. Speaking of the old trees of North Wales, there is a splendid avenue at Wynastery, near Wrexham, upwards of a mile in length, formed of fine oaks, elms, limes, and beeches; one ash, called the "King," measures 36 feet in circumference. There are likewise many fine oaks mentioned in the "Natural History of Staffordshire," page 408, which are worthy of investigation.

#### VICTOR HUGO'S WAYS.

VICTOR HUGO rarely makes use of the pen. He works with the brain and not with the hand. When composing his works he paces the floor of his room, holding high his Olympian head, and sniffing the air like Job's charger, dictating to a secretary sitting at a desk in one corner. He dictates very slowly, sentence by sentence, as Moses, to whom the poet often compares himself, must have dictated the words engraved upon the ancient tablets of stone. I say that the poet often compares himself to Moses, whom he regards as the greatest man that ever lived, but there are grave doubts in his mind whether or not Moses and Victor Hugo are one and the same person. If Hugo did not live a few thousand years ago under the name of Moses, he thinks that the soul of Moses must have descended to the Hugo of to-day. It is even said that he has declared any other minds that ever existed incapable of writing the first books of the Bible, and rather inclines to the belief that he wrote them himself. I say "minds" above, but this is a mere *façon de parler*, for Hugo uses the singular. If he extends this theory to others his lofty contempt for the rest of mankind must make him assign the rest of us to a brute state of existence at the time he was the chief of the Hebrews and the lawgiver of the human race.

Victor Hugo works incessantly, wearing out two secretaries when pressed for time, and he eats as heartily as any man alive. The amount of fish he consumes by himself would supply a small family, and his beefsteaks are of old-fashioned dimensions. After all, there is nothing like a good appetite and an excellent digestion, especially when one rises at five o'clock in the morning and works until midnight. On the morning his son died Hugo was correcting his proofs, and he went back to the work the moment he returned from the cemetery. But reflecting persons will not find in this a thought of callousness, for the stricken father was doubtless trying to make his work a rampart against his grief.

#### THE OLDEST MEN.

THE oldest races of men of which traces have yet been discovered are known as the Stone-folk, because they fashioned their implements out of stone and seem to have been unacquainted with the use of metals. These Stone-folk are clearly distinguishable into two classes—the older, known as Palæolithic, merely chipped stones into shape; the later, or Neolithic, had advanced a step further, and constructed tools highly polished and otherwise more finished than those of their predecessors. We also find associated with the traces of Palæolithic man a group of mammals now wholly or locally extinct, while the mammals accompanying the remains of Neolithic man are many of them still indigenous to the country. In connection with this subject Mr. J. Gellie has brought prominently into notice a fact which had not received the attention which it deserves, that nowhere have any signs been detected of gradual improvement on the part of Palæolithic man, by which he may have passed from abject barbarism to the more advanced skill of his Neolithic successor, but that, on the contrary, the two races are everywhere sharply marked off from one another. In the same way the accompanying groups of mammals are essentially distinct, and we nowhere find traces of the dying out of the

one and the gradual coming in of the other. But one inference can be drawn from these facts: between the time when the Palæolithic race inhabited Britain and the coming in of the Neolithic race a long interval must have elapsed, during which man was by some means or other driven out of the country, and went through elsewhere the long series of modifications by which he was himself advanced in civilization, while at the same time the group of animals associated with him became totally changed. Now we know of no physical change since the second glaciation of the country which could have been the cause of such a migration, for all the evidence both here and elsewhere tends to show that whatever change of climate has occurred between that event and the present day has been steadily in the same direction—that of improvement. But the great submergence, and severe period which followed it, would exactly bring about the required result, if it can be only shown that the age of Palæolithic man preceded these occurrences.

There is no antecedent improbability in such a supposition; the mild periods that recurred during the formation of the Till may well have been warm enough to allow of northern mammals, and subsequently, as the climate improved, of Palæolithic man and southern forms migrating into Britain, to be again driven out each time a return of cold brought the sheet-ice down over the lowlands, and finally expelled, never again to return, by the great submergence. But more than this, our author has shown how anomalies, hitherto inexplicable, receive an easy solution on this hypothesis; how, for instance, it accounts for the mingling of northern and southern forms of mammals in the Palæolithic beds; and how it gives a reason for the fact that Palæolithic river-gravels are confined to those parts of Britain which were not covered by the ice-sheet, while the Palæolithic deposits found in caves are not so restricted.

The hypothesis therefore stands on a firm basis, and the conclusion is irresistible that Palæolithic man was of interglacial—may be of preglacial—date. Thus much had been dimly felt rather than demonstrated by previous thinkers; but Mr. Gellie has shed a flood of light on the subject by pointing out that man was driven out of their country by the great submergence; that Britain was not again peopled till the elevation that followed connected it with the continent; and that the colonists belonged to the Neolithic race. In this way he has satisfactorily accounted for the great gap that exists between the two divisions of the Stone-folk.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SUN.—The appearance of spots on the sun indicates eruptions.

GUNPOWDER.—If the charcoal for gunpowder is ground too soon after burning, it is liable to spontaneous combustion.

THE GOVERNMENT is going to establish four lifeboat stations on Lake Superior, between White Fish Point and Pictured Rocks, between which points most of the disasters on Lake Superior have occurred.

M. HENRY GIFFARD, the inventor of the *Injecteur*, has constructed a railway carriage with a patent suspension of his invention, which prevents the passengers from feeling any inconvenience from oscillation.

THE OPTIC NERVE, ETC.—By a microscopic examination of the retina and optic nerve and the brain, M. Bauer found them to consist of globules of 1-2800th to 1-4000th of an inch diameter, united by a transparent viscid and coagulable gelatinous fluid.

A COAL-CUTTING MACHINE has been introduced into a coal mine near Brazil, Ind., which, driven by a five horse power steam engine, will, by trial, save thirty-five cents per ton in expense of mining over the cost of hand labor. It is a rotary cutter four feet in diameter—cutting three feet four inches in the vein before requiring readjustment.

A NEW SUBSTANCE has been lately discovered, known as leather cardboard, which, from its solidity, suppleness and durability, seems likely to supplant the old method of roofing. It is composed of solid and tough materials, cemented together by an oily and durable plastering, with which they are thoroughly impregnated, thus producing a substance entirely waterproof and far more lasting than bitumen cardboard; which, formed as it is of a spongy, compressible matter, and only covered with a thin layer of pitch, obviously possesses neither of the qualities essential to any material for roofing—this is, absolute impenetrability added to great powers of resistance.

A BURNER is in use in Canada by which residuum of crude petroleum is used instead of coal or wood in brick kilns. By a simple contrivance the nozzle of the burner is made to throw the flame directly downwards at the first firing, and after burning the head (as it is termed) this nozzle is replaced by a straight one, the change being effected in a few moments. The flame is thereby thrown into the arch any required distance, burning the whole kiln from one end, and doing it in much less time than by the old method, and with perfect success as regards the quality of the burning. One man, by this process, will be able to do as much firing as a dozen with the old, as he can attend to as many arches as may be set going in one yard, and by this means save a large item in labor. The tar of petroleum consumed will not cost as much as wood at \$3.50 per cord.

VELOCIPEDS are becoming an institution in Paris for forwarding messages from the Exchange (Bourse) to the central telegraphic office, Rue de Grenelle. The rates charged by "velocemen" are fifty cents. The run there and back, including delivery of messages, takes about twenty-five minutes for a distance of three miles one thousand three hundred and twenty yards. It is contemplated by some speculators to establish a public company. When Marshal Bazaine's trial was going on, velocipedes were used for conveying messages from Versailles for the *Moniteur*, one of the Parisian papers. The single run was charged one dollar, and was accomplished in forty-five minutes, for a distance of twelve and a half miles, at a quicker rate than the railway trains. But the road descends all the way, Versailles being on a higher level than Paris, and the railway is circuitous; stoppages are also very frequent on the line.

THE ORIGIN OF PRECIOUS STONES.—Mr. Greville Williams has recently contributed his researches on this interesting subject to the Proceedings of the Royal Society. The coloring matter of the emerald has been attributed to iron, chromium and organic matter. With regard to the latter, Mr. Williams thinks that both emeralds and beryls contain carbon; but that it is probably in the form of diamond, and has nothing to do with the color of the emerald, as colorless beryls may contain as much carbon as the richest tinted emerald. The color is really due to the presence of chromic oxide. Mr. Williams then gives the results of his experiments on the effects of fusion on opaque beryls, emeralds, and an artificial mixture of beryl ingredients. The author expresses his opinion that whatever may have been the temperature at which beryls and emeralds were formed, rubies must have originated at a very high temperature, since the peculiar reaction between alumina and chromic oxide, to which the color of the ruby is due, takes place only at a heat as high as that of the oxy-hydrogen flame.

#### PERSONAL.

GENERAL BUTLER is an Episcopalian.

MARK TWAIN has promised to lecture no more.

MRS. JAMES FINE, JR., is worth fully \$500,000.

THE Greeley sisters will have about \$125,000, after all.

ANDREW JOHNSON is the only ex-President now living.

MILLARD FILLMORE was a wool-carder in his young days.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, has started upon a European tour.

When a boy Mr. Sumner swam across the boiling rapids below Niagara Falls.

SENATORS MORTON and SCHURZ are said to be antagonistic, personally, as well as politically.

MARSHAL SERRANO, President of the Spanish Republic, is to receive a salary of \$100,000 per annum.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON is again becoming prominent as a Western candidate for the next Presidency.

B. P. SHILLABER, *alias* Mrs. Partington, is now an invalid, and asks his friends to buy a book he has published.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is about to purchase the Paris journal *L'Opinion Nationale*, in order to make it his "organ."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, the umbrella-man, is to write a book entitled the "Life and Friends of Charles Sumner."

SENATOR SCHURZ, it is announced, will be unable to deliver his Sumner eulogy in Boston before the latter part of April.

MR. HENRY B. MURRAY, from Salt Lake City, is at present in New York negotiating the sale of extensive coal lands in Utah.

ALGERNON SARTORIS, *fancé* of Miss Nellie Grant, is at Green Bay, Wis., looking after lands belonging to his father's estate.

HUGH F. MACDERMOTT, the poet, was formerly an apprentice with Joseph Tinker Buckingham, the New England journalist.

THE Emperor of Morocco is to visit England next Summer. He wants to see what kind of a country the outside barbarians live in.

THE Boston *Post* says that the richest planter in Mississippi was a slave in 1860. It is astonishing to see how industry is rewarded in the South.

GENERAL BANKS's son Joseph was assaulted and left senseless in a street in Boston by ruffians, the other night, for trying to help some girls they were insulting.

DR. BROWN-SQUARD is the son of Captain Edward Brown, a Philadelphia shipmaster, and was born in the Isle of Mauritius, in 1817, his mother being French.

GERRITT SMITH says that the dreariest day of his life was when he had to ride fifty miles in a stage-coach, beside a young man who parted his hair in the middle.

SPEAKER HOBART, of the late New Jersey Legislature, is to have his portrait painted in oil. As he is a temperance man, why not have it painted in water-colors?

MURAT HALSTED, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in his boyhood was a lime-burner. In his newspaper work he has been throwing the lime-light on humbuggery ever since.

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT B. ELLIOTT, of South Carolina, has accepted an invitation from the colored citizens of Boston to deliver a eulogy on Mr. Sumner in Faneuil Hall, April 14th.

MARK TWAIN's new residence in Hartford, now nearly completed, is said to be the funniest building in the State. It is a cross between a shot-tower and a deaf and dumb infirmary.

BRADLATCH is stumping England, and to larger audiences than ever before, although, as usual, the newspapers never report him. He is enthusiastic in his praise of America.

GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, editors of the "American Cyclopaedia," are said to have made \$60,000 apiece out of the old edition, and hope to make as much more out of the new.

BISMARCK SAYS: "The French are enemies never to be appeased. Take away from them the cook, the tailor and the hairdresser, and what remains of them is a copper-colored Indian."

It appears that the main object of General Schenck's return home is to take in marriage Mrs. Hicks, a young and wealthy widow, formerly of Philadelphia, but since the war a resident of Ohio.

OWING to the disappearance of its editor, a paper formerly published at Golden, Colorado, has suspended. He was last seen standing under a tree with some men pulling at a rope around his neck.

MR. E. J. FLYNN has been appointed managing editor of the *Herald* in place of Mr. T. J. Connelly, who has gone to Europe. Mr. Flynn has for a long time been in the news department of the *Herald*.

THE Hartford *Courant* calls upon the President to remove Secretary Richardson as the wisest political action he can take. It says that Richardson is a cipher, and the country has no confidence in him.

ADMIRAL PORTER, who has been very ill, has recovered so as to reassure his many friends. His labors in behalf of naval science during the past year have been stupendous; and even his robust constitution suffered.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, the hero of Coomassie, served in the Crimean war, the Sepoy rebellion, and commanded the expedition to put down Riel's insurrection in Manitoba, and is the author of articles on military subjects.

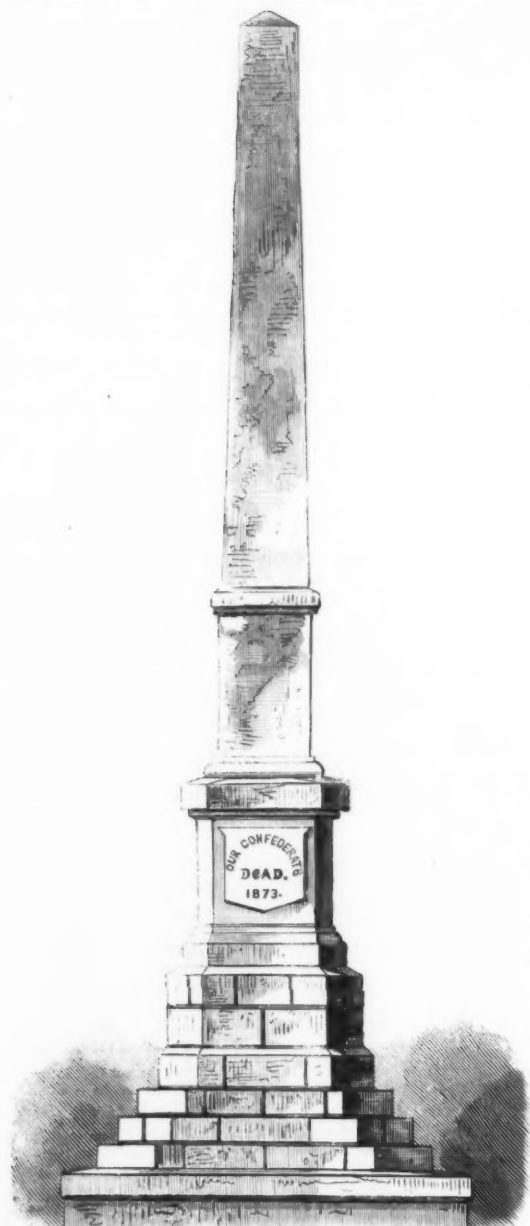
THE New York *Herald* says: "Butler makes a mistake in endeavoring to write. He should put his enemies down only by pulling wires, which he does with great success. His pen is mightier than his sword, but both are poor."

DAVID KALAKUA, King of Hawaii, is about forty years of age, and had held a seat in the House of Nobles, and been chamberlain to Kamehameha V. He is a nationalist and opposed to foreign control. His grandfather was hanged for poisoning his wife.

DR. SAMUEL C. HOWE, so many years an intimate friend of Charles Sumner, first met that gentleman in the great Broad Street riot, which took place, we believe, in or about 1837. The rioters had got possession of a quantity of whisky, and Dr. Howe observed a stalwart young man endeavoring to knock in the head of one of the barrels with an ax. He hastened to his aid. That young man was Charles Sumner.

MARY CLEMENS AMES writes that "William Walter Phelps, the new young member from the deserts of New Jersey, who has the reputation of owning more railroads than she can take time to count, is a most loquacious gentleman, for, coming to Washington in the same drawing-room car with him, she decided that he talked faster and longer than any masculine mortal that she had ever beheld, and concluded that he was a wild Bohemian just let loose from his lair, on his way to the capital to write up 'Injun' story chronicles of Congress. Instead, he is one of the monagierie himself, and threw off from that flying tongue of his, the other day, a very bright speech that made everybody laugh—even when translated to the newspapers—a stern test."





MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD, ERECTED AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

#### MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

THIS monument, which was finished January 31st, 1874, is of the Roman style, consisting of a rustic base in six courses, twenty feet square at the top of the foundation. All the work above the bases is fine-cut ashlar, and laid in courses. The first pedestal is finished with a projecting tablet containing the words, "Our Confederate Dead, 1873." The cap projects beyond the face of the pedestal some six inches, on which the spire starts from a large convex molding, and runs up to a height of twelve feet with out any diminish, and is capped with a plain projecting band, the diminish commencing above the band to the apex of spire. The whole height of the monument from the ground-line is sixty-four feet.

It is of granite from the famous Stone Mountains,



MRS. CAROLINE S. BROOKS, ARTIST OF THE MEDALLION IN BUTTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.

some sixteen miles from Atlanta, in De Kalb County. The total cost is about \$4,000.

The corner-stone was laid in October, 1870, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, on the day when the remains of General Lee were deposited in the vault beneath the college chapel at Lexington, Va.

Among the articles deposited were a Confederate flag, a memorial and likeness of Lee, samples of Confederate currency, Confederate and Federal postage-stamps, names and badges of Ladies' Memorial Association, and newspapers.

Oakland Cemetery contains about six thousand Confederate graves, principally of soldiers killed in the battles around Atlanta. The monument is erected near the centre of the section devoted to them. Here the ladies of the Memorial Association and the citizens assemble annually on Memorial Day, April 26th, to strew the graves with flowers and evergreens. The session of the Georgia Legislature just closed made that day a legal holiday.

#### FLANAGAN'S MAIL.

ALL good Administration citizens will rejoice to learn that the great and undying principles founded by the Credit Mobilier school are being adopted in the most remote regions of the country.

Between Hallville and Flanagan's Mills, in Texas, is a long and dreary road, over which the United States mail is carried at stated intervals. Of course, the work cannot be done for nothing. The Government is always willing to pay its servants, especially if they are loyal. Knowing this, with a kind of intuitive instinct, one J. W. Flanagan, Jr., son of Senator Flanagan, contracted to carry the said mail for the trifling sum of \$200 a month. Then, with a twist of his eye, he engaged a poor orphan negro to do



SCENE OF THE RECENT FIRE AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SALTER &amp; JUDD.—SEE PAGE 94.



THE "DREAMING IOLANTHE," A MEDALLION IN BUTTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.

all the work for \$15 a month, provided he clothed and boarded himself, which he has been doing. With the assistance of our special artist we give an illustration of Mr. Flanagan's hired man, seated on his United States charger, and clad in the majestic robes of his office.

#### NEW RIG FOR MEN-OF-WAR.

MODERN men-of-war, owing to the weight of armor-plates, are apt to be tender under sail, and cannot bear heavy masts. Admiral Schomberg's improvement, introduced into the English navy, which we illustrate, consists of short movable top-masts which can be lowered when the ship is under sail. In preparing for battle or bad weather the upper yards are sent down, and the top-mast is struck, leaving nothing above the lower mast.

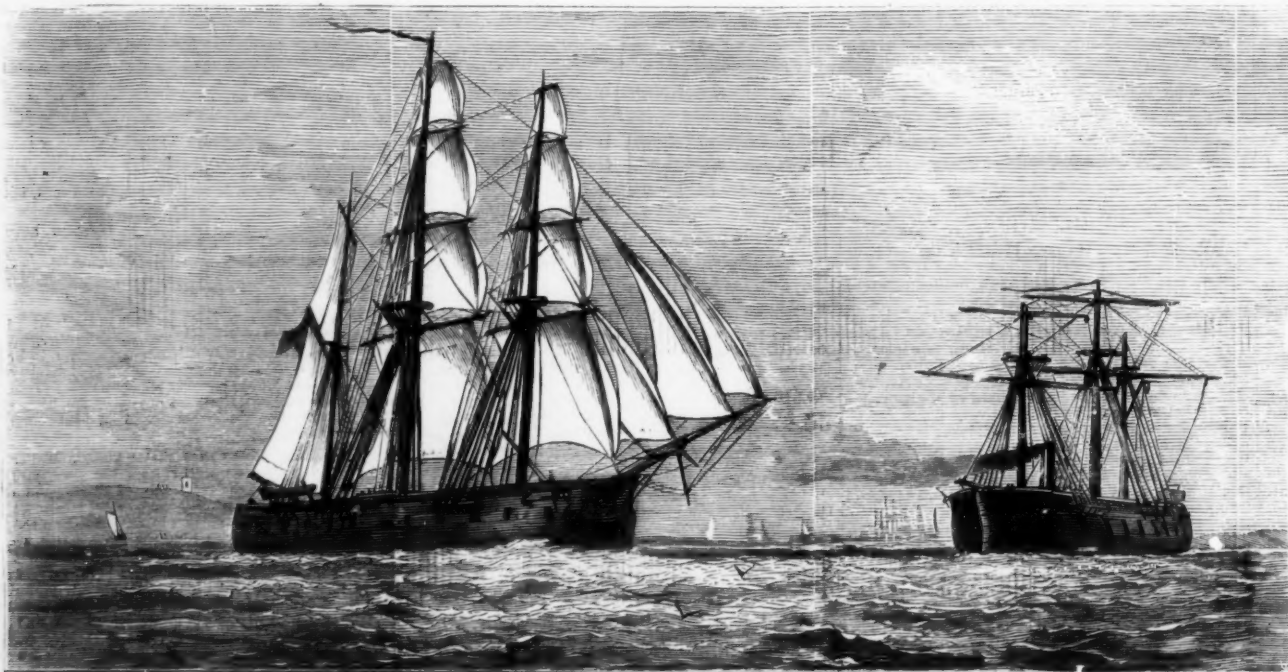
#### THE LADY SCULPTOR OF ARKANSAS.

"DREAMING IOLANTHE."

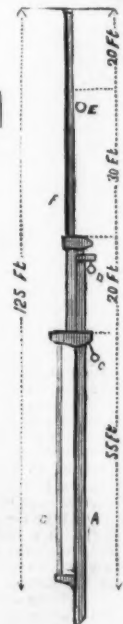
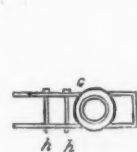
THE newspapers and art critics of the West agree that the *alto relievo* in butter from the hands of Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, of Arkansas, is a work of uncommon genius. She was born in Cincinnati,



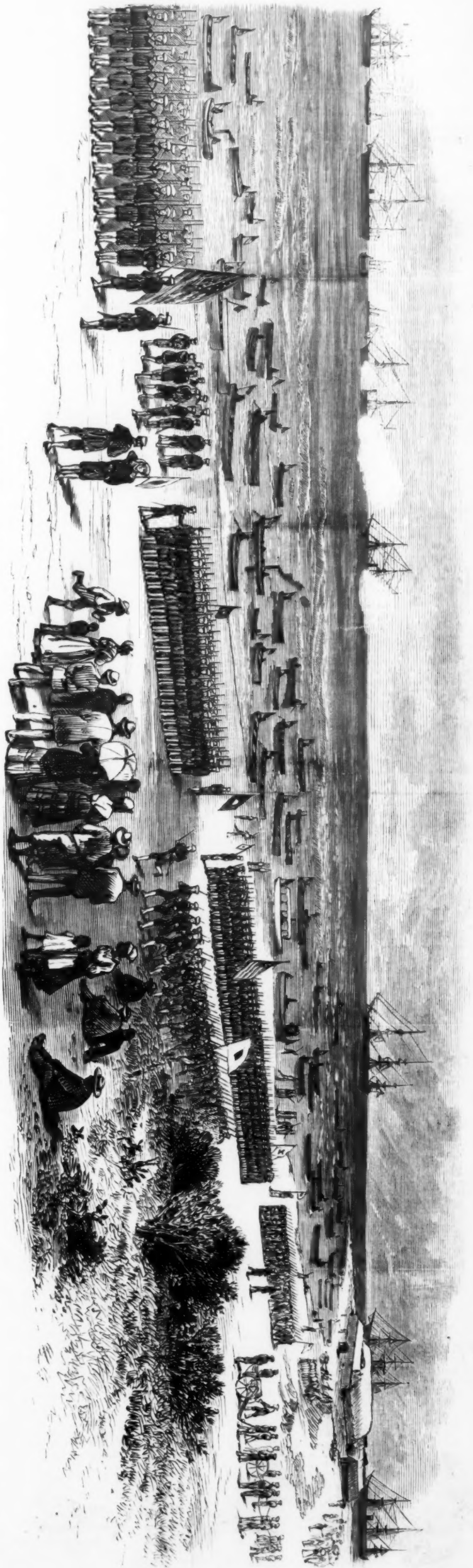
FLANAGAN'S MAIL.—THE MAIL-BOY EMPLOYED FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH, TO FULFILL THE U. S. MAIL CONTRACT BETWEEN FLANAGAN'S MILLS AND HALLVILLE, TEXAS.



ADMIRAL SCHOMBERG'S PROPOSED NEW RIG FOR MEN-OF-WAR.



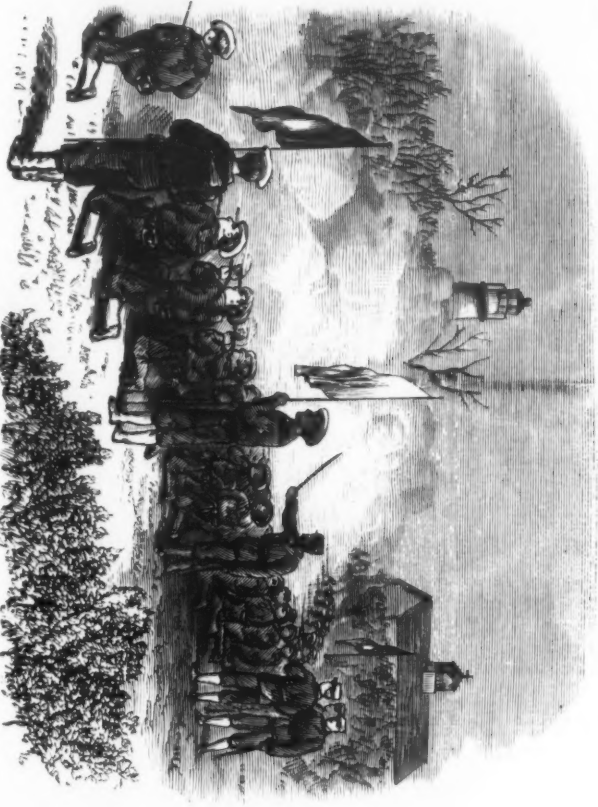




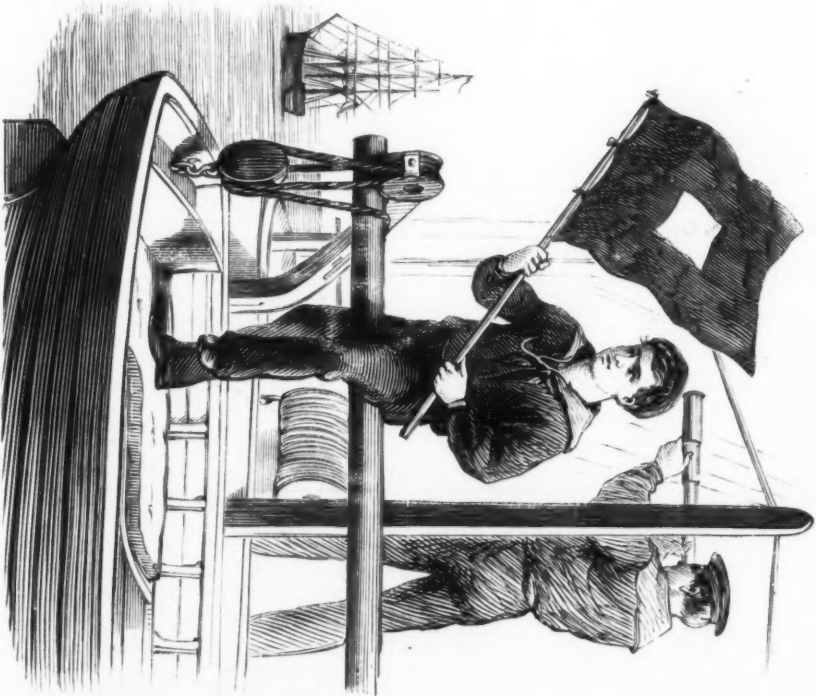
NAVAL TACTICS AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—THE LAND DRILL, MONDAY, MARCH 23D.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.

1841, well educated, and married in 1863 to a planter, and they lived in Mississippi and Tennessee before moving to Arkansas. She knew nothing of art, nor of textbooks on the subject. When eight years old she tried to make a copy of Dante from a book-cover in clay, but failed. After her marriage she made imitations of shells and fish in butter; and when her husband died with the yellow fever last year she made a beautiful figure in his memory, representing a child, and it attracted much attention. Then she devoted her evenings to producing her ideal face of "The Dreaming Lollaplie," the subject of a Danish poem which she had read in her youth. Lollaplie was blind, but in love with a

prince. The artist represents her as she lies sleeping with the enchantment of dreams illuminating her face. The work is wrought in a pan of butter—and butter is considered far more difficult to use, in an artistic sense, than clay. Still, when the image was exhibited at the Cincinnati and St. Louis Art Galleries the enthusiasm of the critics amounted to almost an ovation, and Mrs. Brooks was immediately called to Cincinnati. Her home is nine miles from Helena, Ark. Her work, of which we give an illustration, was done with a butter-knife, broom-straws, sticks, and a camel's-hair brush—their use requiring the most careful manipulation.



THE LAND DRILL.—LINE OF BATTLE.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.



SIGNAL BOY WIGWAGGING.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.

#### THE LAND DRILL AT KEY WEST.

IN a recent issue we gave illustrations of the naval maneuvers at Key West, showing more particularly the movements of the ships in action. We now give a sketch of the landing of the small-boats, and of the men exercising onshore; the line of battle; the signal-boy wigwagging; and the rush for the water-cart.

Eighty-three small-boats were towed, by the dispatch-boats *Prima*, *Fortune* and *Magflower*, to the south of the island. After getting into position they proceeded by divisions to the shore, the marines in the steam-launches on the extreme right

of the line, under cover of the broadsides from the covering vessels, *Juniata*, *Wyoming*, *Stenograph* and *Kansas*. The beach was filled with spectators, who as the men landed dispersed. The boats were towed in as far as possible, and some of the men had to jump into water knee-deep and wade ashore. The landing was made on the South Beach, between Fort Taylor and Martello Tower. After landing, they immediately formed into companies and battalions, the howitzers at the wings, and two Gatling guns in the center.

The skirmishers were then sent out, and kept up a straggling fire until the battalions came up and formed in line along the railroad, firing volleys,



THE LAND DRILL.—RUSH FOR A WATER-CART.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.



standing and kneeling. A line was then formed across the railroad, changing the line of battle, and volleys were fired, after which the men were allowed to rest and get water. Later in the day the divisions were reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief and the Admiral, and at three o'clock they embarked in the boats of their respective vessels. Thus ended the naval drill at Key West, which had been in progress the greater portion of three months.

#### GREAT FIRE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE most destructive fire that ever occurred at Indianapolis consumed several blocks in that city on Sunday night, March 22d. Sixteen stores, a hotel, many offices, business-houses, dwellings, etc., located on different streets, were entirely swept away, and the flames were not extinguished until the next day. The total loss was estimated at \$300,000. It was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. We give a sketch of the burning.

#### FUN!

A GREEN grocer.—One who trusts.  
 "Spoken is silver, silence is golden." Hence the expression "hush money."  
 Cotton sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in the respect because a great many lie in them.  
 "Samba, why am de dogs de most intelligent folks in de world?" "Because dey nose eberyting."  
 The Jenkins of a Western paper describes one of the belles of a recent party as a "graceful little toad."  
 An old lady advises young girls who want to remember a thing, to write it down and paste it on the looking-glass.  
 A rox, in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that blockhead of mine?" "On your shoulders, sir," said a lady.  
 In Berlin the distinguished visitor pays for beholding the performing fleas. At Florence hotels the spectacle is free to all patrons.  
 As soon as the Montreal policeman becomes efficient he resigns. The pay is \$5 a week for those who have been on the force a year, and \$7 for those less than a year.  
 A GEORGIA paper says that it won't be more than three months before the sad, lonely young men of the State can go out and hook melons, and feel anew the goodness of nature.  
 "FAREWELL, Susan—you have driven me to the grave," wrote John Larch, of Alabama, four years ago, as he left the note on the river-bank. He was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, living with another woman.  
 A QUARRERsome couple were discussing the subjects of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.  
 There are young men who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but will hold one hundred and twenty-five pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of a night, with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal.  
 "Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Who is it you made happy with your charity this time?" "My wife."

#### THE FINEST SILKS IN THE WORLD.

NO ONE would have believed some few years ago that our fashionable ladies would have worn articles of domestic manufacture, and yet at the present moment the most beautiful and popular silks are those proceeding from the looms and dyes of the Cheney Brothers. They are fully equal in texture, flexibility and weight to the very best from Antwerp, Lyons, or Spitalfields, and it is only fair to predict that with the steady advance in science, our home manufactures will fully equal in every requirement the most exquisite fabrics of Europe. For durability the silks of the Cheney Brothers are superior to all those of foreign make, and their last manufactures justify us in the belief that they will achieve that brilliant lustre which is so great a feature in the best manufactures of Lyons. The success of Cheney Brothers in reaching the finest shades of color is perfectly wonderful. We may instance their fine shades of the principal positive colors, and their blacks. Their indefinite and fashionable colors are also a remarkable success. In the drab and Quaker shades, the fashionable grays, the wood-colors, and the browns, as well as the long list of neutrals, Cheney's American Silks are particularly handsome, combining the depth of a velvet list with the lightness of the finest cashmere. We are not only glad, but proud, to record the success of the Cheney Brothers in a department of manufacture which public opinion had considered us pertaining to the more antique looms of France and England.

More hearts are captured by a fresh and brilliant complexion than by the most symmetrical and classic face, if pallid or sallow. All women know this, and as LAIRD'S BLOOM or YOUTH develops the charm where it does exist naturally, every lady who does not possess it should use the "Bloom." Procurable from all druggists.

#### LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, KAN., April 8th, 1873.  
 R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:  
 Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it, that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before. Very truly, yours,  
 GEO. B. WHITING.  
 Mrs. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes, January 9th, 1873:  
 "Dr. R. V. PIERCE—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."  
 MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehigh, Pa., writes, May 29th, 1872:  
 "Dr. R. V. PIERCE—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctor's bills."

## The Traveler's Guide.

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 \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 per day.  
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FIFTH AVENUE, Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth Street, Opposite Madison Avenue, New York.  
 Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue directly in front of the Hotel, making the locality the most pleasant and convenient in the city. The Hotel in warm weather is the coolest in New York. It is near all the principal theatres, Horse railroads and omnibus lines communicate with every part of the city.

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Everything which the largest experience and unlimited expense can produce to add to the comfort of guests can be found embodied in the Windsor.  
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AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is in every case infallible, and for his celebrated COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh Worms; or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. 968-80

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AT MUCH BELOW THE MARKET PRICES.  
 100 DOZEN CHIP ROUND HATS & BONNETS, all of the finest quality and latest novelties in shapes. Drab, black, and brown, \$3.45.  
 150 cases of FINE MILAN ROUND HATS & BONNETS, \$1 to \$2.50. 100 cases AMERICAN CHIP HATS, \$1.25.

RIBBONS.  
 Nos. 9, 12 and 16 GROS-GRAIN BONNET RIBBONS, at 25c. per yd., in all new Spring Shades, WARRANTED all silk.  
 SASH RIBBONS.  
 FANCY PLAID SASHES, 50c. per yd. ROMAN SASH RIBBONS, 7-inch GROS-GRAIN SASH RIBBONS, 85c. all silk. SOFT SILK SASHES. SASHES FRINGED TO ORDER.

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 RICH LACES, COLORED YAK LACES, GUIPURE LACES, SPANISH LACES, SPANISH NETS, THREAD NETS, LACE VELS, FINE FRENCH EMBROIDERIES, MADE UP LACE GOODS, RUFFLINGS, LACE TIES, LACE CAPS, CHILDREN'S LACE CAPS. We manufacture all our own Lace Goods.

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 LADIES' TIES.  
 NEW FANCY TIES, WHITE SILK TIES, EMBROIDERED TIES. 1,000 dozen WINDSOR TIES at 25c., all shades. All the new Bonnet Materials in the latest SPRING SHADES. A Liberal Discount to the Trade.

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 150 cases of FINE MILAN ROUND HATS & BONNETS, \$1 to \$2.50. 100 cases AMERICAN CHIP HATS, \$1.25.

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FANCY FELTS, OSTRICH TIPS—New Shades.  
 LADIES' TIES.  
 NEW FANCY TIES, WHITE SILK TIES, EMBROIDERED TIES. 1,000 dozen WINDSOR TIES at 25c., all shades. All the new Bonnet Materials in the latest SPRING SHADES. A Liberal Discount to the Trade.

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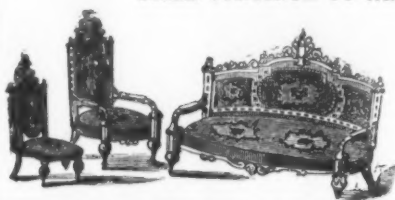
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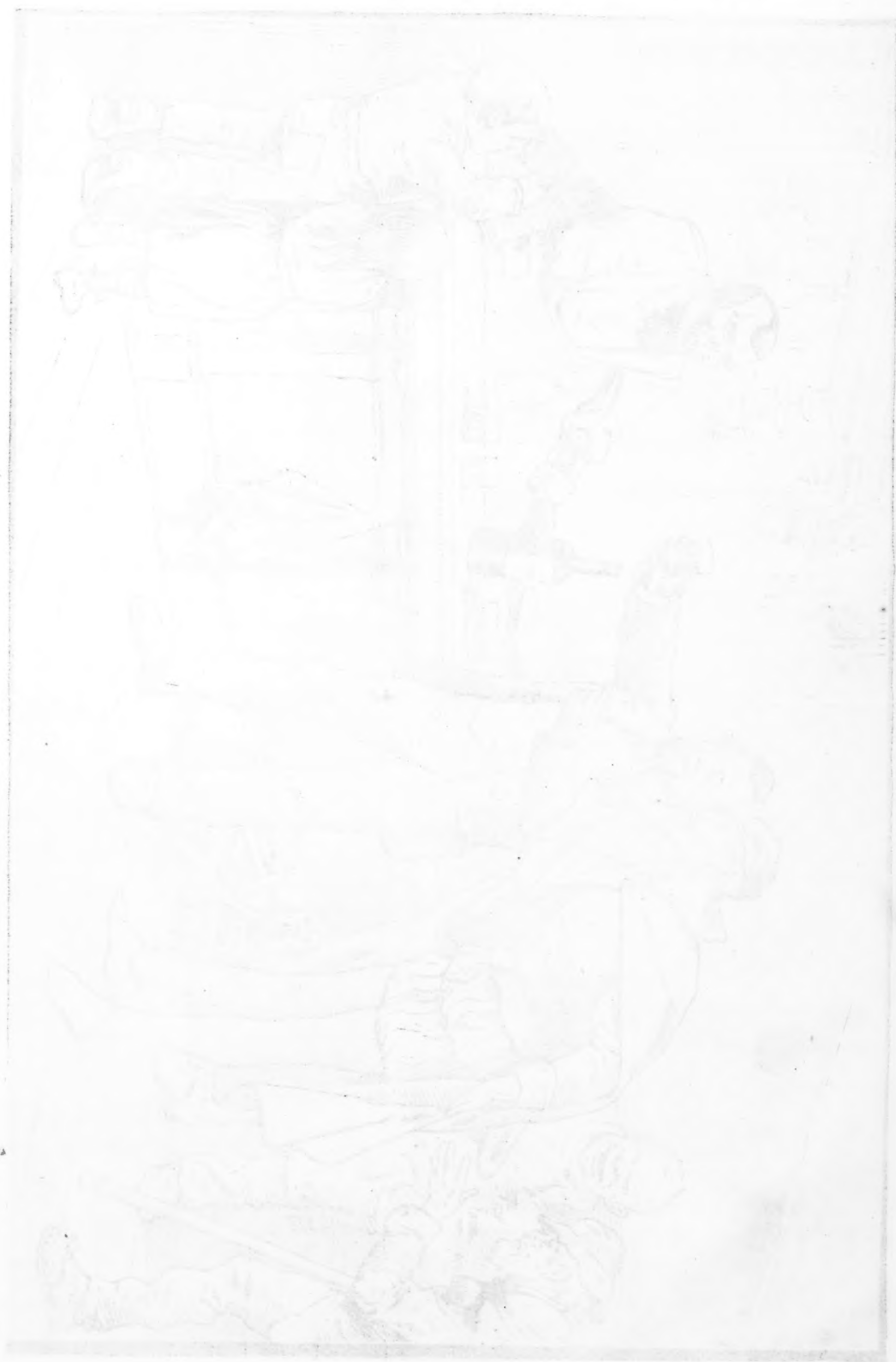
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